CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, AND [illegible]ESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1840. NO. 1009.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 5.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

A BRIEF TREATISE OF INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR WORSHIP.

[Taken from a French work entitled 'Les Moeurs.' Printed at Paris, A. D. 1748, and burnt that same year by the Hangman.]

An Extract from an old newspaper, i. e. from the London Evening Post, for Thursday, 19th, May, 1748. 'A Piece entitled MANNERS has lately been burnt at Paris, by the hands of the common Hangman, in virtue of an Arret of Parliament. The tendency of this work was to establish NATURAL RELIGION in the ruin of all EXTERNAL WORSHIP, and to free Mankind from all LAWS HUMAN and DIVINE, that he might attend only to the *light of his own mind*. With this view the author endeavors to make the laws pass for arbitrary institutions, which are sometimes essential to Virtue, or at least, of which the Observation is of no account in the Constitution of [illegible] calls GOOD MANNERS. In the same Idea, he openly attacks all that is most sacred, censures without reserve the Precepts and Ceremonies and the Ancient Law, and the Rites and Sacraments of the New.'

The two following extracts are worth reading in these times, and show the nature of the work itself.

Extracts from 'Les Moeurs.' Printed at Paris, 1748.

PARTIE I. CH. II^e. ARTICLE I.

Of the Interior Worship.

The interior worship resides in the soul, and is the *only* worship which does honor to God. It is founded on the admiration excited in us, by the idea of his infinite greatness, in the sentiment of gratitude for his benefits, and on the confession of his sovereign power over us. The heart penetrated with these sentiments, expresses them to Him by extacies of admiration, sallies of Love, and professions of gratitude and submission. Such is the language of the heart: such are its hymns, its prayers, its sacrifices. This is the worship of which the Heart is capable, and the only worship, that is worthy of the Divine Majesty. It is this worship which the Destroyer of the Jewish Ceremonies, wished to establish in the world, as it appears from that beautiful reply he makes to the woman of Samaria, when she asked him, whether men ought to worship on the mountain of Zion or that of Samaria. 'The time cometh,' said he to her, 'when the true worshippers shall worship in spirit and in truth.' It is in this manner, that the primitive fathers of mankind, and those now called Patriarchs and celebrated in the annals of the Jews, wished to worship. They had no temples, nor Oratories, no set times for prayers, no rites nor ceremonies; no prostrations of the body, and no bowing of the knee. The heart can adore in all times, and in every place, in all situations and in any posture of the body. The whole face of the earth was their temple, the celestial arch was its canopy. When some astonishing work of the all-powerful struck their eye, that was the time for them to admire his Greatness; a benefit received, assistance obtained, some consolation which Providence sent them, marked for them the time to repay the blessing by their actions and their thanks. When the cares of their business were over, the wants of their bodies were supplied, and they were allowed to enjoy the charms of solitude, they were with God; they conversed confidently with him; they praised him; blessed him; expressed their devotion and fidelity to him, and not having enclosed his presence within walls, they saw Him wherever they went; whether standing, seated, or lying down, with head bare or covered, they were sure to be heard in their prayers, and in fact *he did hear them*. But this holy worship, so perfectly free from all that affects the senses of the body—did not long continue in its purity. External rites and ceremonies were added to it, and this was the epoch, when its decline began.

ARTICEE II.

Of Exterior Worship.

In the primitive age of the world, men, fully convinced that all which they could possess belonged to God, since he was the Creator and Governor of the universe, consecrated a portion of it to him, thus doing homage for the whole. Hence arose sacrifices, libations and offerings. At first these actions of Religion were performed in the open fields, because at that time there were no cities nor houses. But in the course of time, the uncertainty of the weather, and the inclemency of the seasons, constrained men to perform their acts in caves, or in buildings constructed for the purpose. This was the origin of *Temples*. At first each one himself offered his own sacrifice and oblation. Afterwards men were selected and appointed to do this work and nothing else. This is the origin of *Priests*. Then the Priests once established, Religion—or rather the pomp of *exterior worship*, increased obviously from time to time. They thought to perfect religion, by rendering it more splendid, and to make it more agreeable to God, by loading it with ceremonies, with this view they devised games, dances and processions, invented impurities and superfluous expiations. Religion among all nations, degenerated into empty spectacles, (sight-making and sight-seeing) what was at first only the *shadow* now seemed the *essential* part in the eyes of gross and corrupt men. It was only a few sages, who preserved still the spirit of the worship.

The original of exterior worship seemed pure and innocent; men are always pleased to extend and communicate their sentiments. And the juster they are, the more do we wish to inspire others with the same. It was doubtless from this motive that the first men performed some exterior acts of Religion in public. By these significant ceremonies, they hoped to create the corresponding sentiment in other hearts. But it turned out differently; the symbol was mistaken for the thing it signified. Religion was made to consist, *only* in sacrifices, offerings and burning of incense, and the very means devised to enkindle and confirm piety, served to weaken and extinguish it. Since the light of reason taught nothing definite as to the exterior manner of worshipping God, for a long time men were not agreed upon the matter. It is *only* natural religion, that can be universal, and unchangeable, every other is fallible, subjected to divisions and changes. *Every people devises a form of worship to suit itself.* From this division and departure from natural exterior worship, there rises another mischief equally at variance with the sacredness of the primitive law, with the happiness of mankind—namely the [illegible] formed by the diversity or the [illegible] ved contempt and hatred [illegible] Those in special, who [illegible] the most scrupulous rigor, provide that each man should [illegible] ors which *they* might [illegible] did not comply, he became the [illegible] rage, and at length of their vengeance. Hence arose hatred that could not be appeased, and which so often shed the blood of sectarians, but without even mitigating their barbarity by such bloody treatment.

Interior worship is every where *the same thing*. It is obligatory in all time and every place; and by necessary consequence, it is known to all men. Consequently there is no choice and selection to be made in respect to interior worship. There are not *two* methods of loving God, of being grateful for his benefits, submissive to his authority, filled with reverence at the thought of his greatness. But there is an infinite number of arbitrary signs by which these sentiments may be expressed. *All* such as are chosen and adapted to that end, are in themselves innocent. If there is a choice to be made between them, we must prefer such as are the clearest and most easily to be understood. Still it is not necessary to make any choice, since custom and convention of itself is sufficient to give emphasis to any signs and render them expressive. Among the Egyptians a *serpent* bent into a circle, with its tail in its mouth, was a manifest symbol of Eternity, because they had agreed to represent Eternity by that figure. Elsewhere the *Circle* represented the Deity. Among the Jews God was represented by a *Triangle*. The Canaanites purified themselves by *fire*, the Jews by *water*. Now of what moment is it, whether God is painted circular or triangular, provided that the idea is understood—whether by the circle or the triangle, that he is the most perfect Being? Of what importance is it, whether purity is represented by water or by fire, if we only understand, that without holiness of life, we cannot please God? Of what consequence is it whether we sacrifice to the Supreme Being an Ox or an Elephant; a Ram or a Buck; a Thrush or a Swan? What matters it, whether we offer an animal, or a handful of pulse, provided we acknowledge that we can receive nothing except from his hand? Of what concern is it whether we pray with our face turned towards the sky, or with our eyes directed to the ground—standing or prostrate; seated or kneeling, provided that the heart feels its own nothingness before God?

The necessity of using *some* form of exterior worship, proves nothing in favor of *this* or *that particular* orm. Perhaps God is not more displeased with the diverse kinds of homage paid him by men of different religions, than he is because in the Roman Church, some worshippers repeat their morning service at midnight, and others early in the morning; because some chant, and others sing matins.

If there is any kind of homage that God requires of men in preference to all others, it must be that he would have taken care that all should be informed of it, for no one will believe that he would wait for our Priests and Doctors, to give us just ideas in matters of Religion; a man who lived alone on the earth, would feel no necessity for exterior worship, for that has not been instituted on account of our *relation to God*, but only to unite the members of human societies together by the open profession of one and the same religion.

[This extract was once cited by a learned 'Divine' of the Anglican church, to show the Book was dangerous and deserved its fate. But it shows some very differently—namely, that the roar of the church, like the roar of the street, is not always on the side of Truth, and therefore is less to be regarded than that inward voice which says *now*, as of old time, 'Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.']

T. P.

For the Register and Observer.

Boston, Jan. 20th, 1840.

One pitied, one condemned the woful times,
One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes.
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What stores of brine, supplied the weeper's eyes!
Juvenal. Sat. 10th.

We are constantly told that our religion is not practical, that Christianity is but a beautiful theory, incapable of perfect developement in the history of humanity; while men who profess to believe in the Bible, and who assert that it is as much our duty, as it should be our pleasure, to follow in the footsteps of the Savior, declare also that disinterestedness is unattainable, that to propose the admission of the principles of truth, benevolence, and a genuine love for our race, into the transactions of business, is to propose an absurdity only capable of exciting the deriding smile of common sense. On the one side, it is asserted that a single community, governed in every respect by purely Christian principles, would be able to regenerate the world; and on the other, we are defied to point out the *single man*, who is thus governed, and should we profess to find one, we are asked why *he* is not capable of regenerrating a *community*. There is no end to the subtleties and refinements of sophistry, and if at one moment it induces the belief, that we are possessed of thinking, acting, and progressing spirits, we must not be surprised to find it asserting in the next, that these spirits are imperfect in their nature, and that the God, who has sent us a guide and teacher, one who not only spoke with power, but who practised, with the jaundiced eyes of a whole nation of enemies upon him, precisely as he preached—has at once, commanded us to follow in his footsteps, and deprived us of the power to do so! Prophets of evil, will always find themselves surrounded by a crowd of followers—there is something in the vulgar mind which leads it to anticipate with indefinable pleasure, the coming of misfortune, and it is upon this tendency, that those who tell us in the nineteenth century, of the downfall of liberty, the dissolution of our union and the retrogression of the human mind, rely. 'It is true,' said Lord Bacon, 'that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but [illegible]h in philosophy bringeth men's minds [illegible] religion.' And thus it is that a slight [illegible]e of human nature, may incline us to [illegible] of it, while a more thorough investi[illegible] and more protracted study of its motives [illegible]stores us to a healthy hopefulness. [illegible] who are teaching us to judge of the future by the past, who are pointing to the history of Athens, Sparta, Rome,—and telling us that all things must have a beginning and an end—that our young nation has reached the acme of its prosperity, and is now beginning to decline in vigor—that it cannot outlive half a century, and that the patriots of the revolution have lived—for aught that we can see to the contrary, in vain; are the same men, who talk of the visionary perfection of our creed, who doubt its efficacy in real life, and who consequently class it with the dreams of the ancient philosophers. But let them remember, that, Athens worshipped, in the language of the Apostle to whose declaration it would not listen —'the unknown God'—that Sparta and Rome —the victims of a false mythology, whose very worship was at last degraded into little else than the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and that it is in the practical power of Christianity alone, that we found our hopes of the stability of *our* republic. Why has this 'enthusiastic dream' outlived the hypotheses of Plato and Aristotle—hypotheses of which we talk and read but in accordance with which men have never striven to act? Why has it survived the oppression of the proud, and the rejection of the vulgar, if it has not some innate, practical energy? Why did the noblest of atheists, instil or endeavor to instil its principles into the heart of his child, averring that if its origin were not divine, it was the most complete theory for the government of mankind that ever was devised,—and that he who could so conceive and depict the Savior's character, must have found all the capacities for a being of so exalted excellencies, within himself, thus proving devoid of all other evidence, than the simple existence of the four Gospels—the possibility of his having lived, of human perfection. Have brave men and good suffered and died for a mere chimera? What has supported the martyr in the flames, the philanthropist in the midst of trial, disease, and crime—but the practical power of Christianity? Why do we fear to trust to this power, no one distrusts the possibility of a man's controlling his passions once, and if once, why not always? The effort is all that is necessary, and if the power to subdue all angry feelings, to quell every envious and jealous emotion, is given us, and by its *single* exercise, can draw us nearer to happiness —why may it not by its *repeated exercise*, draw us still nearer to perfection? *When* do we fear for the stability of our republic—when is it, that our confidence in the gradual progression of the human race is destroyed? Is it not when *wrangling* and *dissension* echoes through our Senate Chamber—is it not when men, *grown men*, stand in the hall where the beloved father of our country avowed the principles of truth, of justice and of freedom, and giving each other the lie, use the hands, which, fit instruments of good, have been entrusted to them to work out noble ends, in a manner, which conscientious children in their nursery play—are accustomed to disdain, to strike and to return a blow? Is it not when the master of a schooner passes within a few miles of a burning steamboat almost within hearing of the despairing cry of death, and turning his face resolutely from them, passes coolly by—for fear the tide which was to carry him in the port, should ebb and leave him outside the sand-bar? Yes! these are the things which startle and appal the most hopeful, we find our country in the hands of men, who so far from being capable of its government, cannot govern their own passions, and pollute the spot sacred to the memory of Washington, with words of insult, defiance, and falsehood—and is it wonderful that we should doubt the possibility of so educating men, that they shall be prepared to govern themselves? We hear of the frozen heart, which refused aid to the dying victims of the ocean and the flame, and while we declare that we would rather have been the sufferer who clung in convulsive agony, to the burning wreck—than he who carries and ever must carry, about with him, a fire which remorse has kindled, and which eternity cannot extinguish, —we doubt that Howard has ever existed, and fear that while we have heard of truth, magnanimity and self-forgetfulness, we have been, but deluded by a dream. If there is no practical power in Christianity, there is no power at all in it—and the Bethel which is reared to nurture in the seaman's soul, the principles of truth and kindliness—the prayers which are offered before the opening of the session of Congress are worse than useless. If Christianity, living in the heart, and prompting its every throb in the daily intercourse of life, be visionary, then in the words of one of our own divines. 'God is visionary and all that is great and good is visionary.' Why has our religion survived so tremendous shocks—why is it a disgrace to be called other than a Christian, and why do the most liberal of us, immediately associate with the name of heretic, the idea of moral inferiority? if it be not because the religion of the Savior, finds its surest foundation in the hearts and lives of men? It is practical or it is nothing, it will do to live by, or how can we expect to die by it? and no one at the present day would dare to confess, that he had not endeavored at least to make it the guide of his life. We say that the world will not be governed by its principles, that trade will not submit to its arbitation, that merchants cannot deal in all things ingenuously and disinterestedly, but where is he who will dare to stand up and affirm, that he has striven to reduce the first to practice and has failed—that he has yielded and endeavored to induce others to yield to the second, but it has been a thankless task—that he has lived, uprightly and fairly, that he has acted in the commercial relations of life, as a man and *Christian* should act, and that he has not found as great a reward, in the increased esteem and admiration of men as in the quiet approval of his own conscience? C. W. H.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Genoa, Sept. 22, 1839.

You may have heard something, and perhaps read much, of the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the Bishop of Cologne; for, for the last two years, a part of Europe has been deluged with writings on the subject, which, though originally written in German, have been [illegible]nslated. This quarrel, as you know, produced the deposition and confinement of the Bishop by order of the King, and consequently a rupture between the courts of Berlin and Rome. The provinces on the Rhine belonging to Prussia over which the Bishop of Cologne presides, are of the two faiths, Catholic and Protestant; but the great majority is Catholic. The last Bishop is said by the defenders of the present, to have overlooked—in other words, to have tolerated many things against which his right and his duty should have made him object. Be this as it may have been, under his administration there was peace and tranquillity; and Catholics and Protestants lived in harmony together. When the present Bishop was proposed to the King, I have been told by persons very near the King, that he was told he was a man who might make trouble, but there was a party influential with the Crown Prince, and the King was induced to appoint him. His edict by which he refuses to solemnize marriages between Protestants and Catholics, and forbids the Clergy to solemnize them, and he is sustained by Rome, is the cause of quarrel, and has been the means of throwing fire-brands among the people, which though perhaps not now burning—lie, nevertheless, smothered, and ready to be kindled the moment any one steps forward to uncover them. The Bishop stood in his *right*; for the Catholic Church does not allow mixed marriages without a dispensation, and to that are annexed conditions in regard to the children. The Bishop was under a Protestant King, who in all parts of his dominions claims and defends his supremacy. He was warned, cautioned and exhorted—he was told that the King would not yield; but on the contrary, that he would exhort to the most extreme measures, in case any steps were taken by which his authority was set at naught; but he was heedless of advice, and no doubt listened to [illegible]s of others; and here we see a Bishop, styling himself the ambassador of Christ on earth—the messenger of peace and good will to man—place himself in array against his Sovereign, and fill the kingdom and part of the Christian world with dissension and ill blood; and this not in defence of a command of his Master, Christ; but in support of a dogma, or a rule of the Church.

The King of Prussia has always been called a just man, and his government is a paternal government—the means of being instructed, are given to, nay, they are forced upon all; and I suspect there is not just cause of complaint against the King, or against the rule. He probably went into this quarrel with great reluctance—he probably regrets his having entered into it—but he will not retract, and he and Rome will continue to publish defences and attacks, until the noise which the quarrel has occasioned may cease to be heard; while the seeds which it has sown will continue to yield a harvest to feed the passions of those who make it a business to mislead and to excite the tempers of those whom it is so easy to mislead, when religion is announced to be in danger. I say religion, but there is one religion which Christ preached, and there is another religion which man preaches.

I consider it most unfortunate for the King, and perhaps also for a part of the Christian world, that he should have taken the high course which he has done, in regard to the Bishop, because this course has brought into notice a man, who, to say nothing against him, (and against his character as a man I never heard a word) was remarkable for nothing but his devotion to the Romish Church, and enabled this man, of comparative insignificance—now, in the last years of his life, to gain great celebrity, to mount the hill, and to call down to those below, behold the champion of your religion; see the [illegible] Bishop, led off from his flock, a martyr to be sacrificed in defence of his faith!

The effect was wonderful; there was not a print-shop whose window did not exhibit the head of the Bishop of Cologne, of whose existence, prior to the quarrel, not one in two hundred had a notion—the history of his life met you at every corner; in a word, a nothing became a great something, and the watchword, the church is attacked; a Bishop is insulted; Rome is set at naught, was passed from priest to people, and from people to priest, until each one stood ready, torch in hand, to kindle the flame which was to destroy all those pillars of peace and concord, against which, for the previous years, the world had found a resting place. Women are generally more zealous, in matters relating to religion, than men; and in this quarrel, their zeal was not wanting, especially in the highest circles. I have sat in company with old, middle aged and young German Princesses, Countesses and Baronesses; when the subject was mentioned, it was wonderful, amusing, nay, laughable, to see how they took fire, one and all, but especially, the young—their faces would glow, their bosoms would heave with feeling, with rage; they would forget their alliance, in principle; the sympathy of their high-toned, aristocratical, touch-me-not principles, with the King—no, the Brute, ought to be whipped; and what can we do for the righteous man, was the word. What a fine thing it is, for a man to get the name of being persecuted, and how dangerous it is for one party to put his opponent in a situation where he may catch hold of the name of martyr.

But the most important evil which the King must suffer from the course taken with the Bishop, is the ill will, the alienation of good feeling which it has excited in the provinces on the Rhine, and in the neighboring Catholic districts. Of this I was an eye witness, when, last year, the Crown Prince made his tour through them. I do not mean to say that there was, or that there is, the most remote danger of a revolt. No; against any thing of the kind, Prussia is too well guarded, and during peace, such a thing will never be dreamed of. But I do say, that if the King of the French, whom I call the first man of the age, had been a *war* King, and had told Belgium, in this last contest, I mean, contest of words, with Holland—resist, do not sign the twenty four articles; I will stand by you; the Priests, who have immense influence, in Belgium, stood ready to call out, a war for religion. Prussia would have taken the side of Holland against Belgium, and not a Catholic province on the Rhine would have hesitated, to join Catholic Belgium, and Prussia, losing her provinces, would have found a French army on the Rhine. All this evil, the French King could have done, but his policy for France is peace, he made Belgium cease to bluster, told her to submit, and the despotic governments of Europe, so far from slighting, as they now do, Louis Philip, ought to consider him as their friend, as the preserver of peace, as the great supporter of conservative, of royal principles.

The effect which this quarrel has had upon a part of the Christian world, is, that on the particular point in question, Rome pretends to be more rigid than ever. Discussions on subjects, as useless as they are old, and which had been quite forgotten, are revived, and with them ancient animosities. Divfsions are formed, and friendships overturned. As in America, your temperance girls combined not to marry a man who put brandy to his water, so there were places in which the Rhinish girls combined not to receive him who was called Protestant, but such combinations are not likely to last long, for husbands are not found like mushrooms, and if love, once kindle his fire in the heart of a young girl, I doubt very much, if it be the hated name of Luther, or a glass of brandy and water, that will be able to put it out.

This quarrel, has also had the effect, in every part of the Prussian Catholic dominion to render the clergy more rigid, more exacting. There is more confessing, more praying, more going to church. Whether there be more real piety, I will not presume to judge,—my belief is, that true religion is something else than the going to church, and my experience in life has shown me that very frequently a man may be very near the church, though at the same time very far from God. * * * * * * * Tranquillity may be said to be the characteristic of Germany, and in those places where the population is mixed, the utmost harmony has always prevailed, and man in his intercourse with his fellow-man has never made a question of Catholicism or Protestantism; for example, in Saxony, (the Court Catholic,) in Dresden, there are 7,000 Catholics to 50,000 Lutherans in Bavaria, the King ultra Catholic, the children Catholic, the Queen reformed Lutheran; in Munich there are 70,000 Catholics to 15,000 reformed Lutheran, called in German, Evangelical; in Baden, the reigning Duke Protestant, part of the royal family Catholic; in Heidelberg, the Cathedral is parted off, one half Protestant, the other half Catholic—in a word, all was peace and tranquillity; and men of sense feel too sensibly the advantage of this peace and tranquillity to allow it to be materially disturbed among themselves. But even in these places the effects of this quarrel are perceived by him who observes, and especially in Bavaria, where the King is *so* Catholic, pamphlets are read, distinctions are made, discussions are raised, preferences are shown, rivalships are created, and good will and social feeling are diminished.

Here, as all are Catholics, the quarrel makes no question, for all must believe that the Bishop is in the right. Probably very little has been known on the subject, the books not having been translated into Italian, and if they had been, those on the King's side would not be allowed; the manifesto from Rome, written of course in Italian, are free to all Catholics, and here, I remark, that some of the papers on both sides are esteemed very able; the declaration, or manifesto of the King, was particularly well drawn up.

But here in the Kingdom of Sardinia has grown up a power, which fostered and protected by the Government, has become very powerful—here is its castle, from whose look-out it can survey the country and pounce down upon any prey that presents itself. The Jesuits are here, and vexed am I to be obliged to write that the largest, the finest, the most noble palace in the street, of thirteen palaces, has been given to them for a College. Supreme influence has ever been the aim of the Jesuits, and to render this influence effective, wealth is necessary to them, and then, to make this influence complete, it must be universal, the King must respect it, and the subject must tremble at it.—*Daily Advertiser.*

TURKEY.

[Correspondence of the New York Journal of Commerce.]

The most prominent fact in European politics is unquestionably, the grant of a charter by the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, to his people, with imposing ceremonial, in presence of the dignitaries of the empire, the foreign ambassadors, and the elite of the Turkish nation. I can scarcely contemplate an event of more stupendous import to the peace of Europe, and to the civilization of an immense territory under Mussulman sway, that an imperial edict which secures the lives and liberties of myriads of our fellow creatures, subjected hitherto to no law but the caprice of merciless and rapacious pacha—which guarantees the people against all future exactions—which inflicts the penalty of death on all ulemas or dignitaries, however exalted their rank, who may be guilty of its infraction, whic h confines military conscription and the duration of the service within the whole ome, limits of European governments, and which decrees the appointment of legislative assemblies, civil and military, for the purpose of carrying out these great objects in all their details.

If any thing could arrest the downfall of the Ottoman empire it is such a measure as this. By this sacred bill of popular rights the decrepitude of our ally is metamorphosed into the vigor of youth, and the usurped power of Mehemet over his liege sovereign has vanished forever.

Another act of importance is the appointment of prefects instead of pachas, thus separating the civil government from the command of the troops, and as this may be considered but the first step in an extensive career of reform, the Porte will in future be emancipated from thraldom to its own servants.

EDUCATION.

We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion that there is to be education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerfully upon the poor man's cottage as upon the rich man's palace! Have not the cottagers' children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a base birth, so that the poor man's child knows with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not climb.

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. It bears no mark of high or low—rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time or place or rank or circumstances. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble—poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow-chandler's son, that sits up all night to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies. The common school is common, not an inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to be the best school: and in all good works, the beginning is one half—Who does not know the value to the community of the plentiful supply of the pure element of water! And infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and it is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory.—*Bishop Doane.*

CLERGY AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

Common schools owe their origin to the enlightened efforts of the clergy. It was the successful assertion by Martin Luther, of the right of individual conscience—the great principle of religious liberty—which led to the establishment of the parochial schools in Germany, the germs of the present school system of Prussia. It was the same spirit fearlessly asserted by John Knox, which led Scotland to provide the means of popular education co-extensive with her system of religious instruction, and finally planted a school-house by the side of every parish church. In the same enlarged views of the rights of human nature, the religious founders of New-England, and especially of Conecticut, made provision that 'not a family should grow up in our midst with a single child unable to read the holy word of God, and other good and profitable printed books in the English tongue, and the good laws of this colony.' For the first century and a half of our existence, the clergy were regarded by the people, and regarded themselves, as the natural guardians of education, and the schools and the teachers as under their particular supervision. Their relation to the schools has changed and we have no expectation or wish to see it restored to its former footing. Still we cannot but feel that the clergy have fallen away from their true position in reference to education, especially in our common schools. Their regards have been too exclusively enlisted in various other enterprizes of benevolence—in the Sunday school, the Bible, the Tract, the Missionary, the Temperance cause—while that which lies at the bottom of the successful prosecution of all these, as the field, the means and the agents—the education of the whole people, in strength, morality and intellect—has been practically overlooked. In their efforts to christianize the world, the heathen, it is feared, have grown up at our own door. In their zeal to distribute the tract and the bible to every family, the precaution has not been taken to secure in every child the ability to read and appreciate their precious truths. In their noble efforts to extirpate intemperance, they have not laid the foundation of a permanent reformation in the more enlightened moral education of the young—in early habits of temperance springing from the godlike union of right feelings and correct principles.

In establishing Sunday school libraries, they have not provided for the religious or moral instruction of vast numbers of children and youth who do not avail themselves of those advantages, or that those who do attend and read, shall profit to the greatest extent by having received a sound intellectual education in the week-day school. Nay, in their own preparation for the the pulpit, they have forgotten that the great truths which they expound fail in a measure of their just weight and influence, from the want of previously enlightened intellect and heart in their hearers. 'If the soul of the child is suffered to remain earthly, sluggish, sensual, unstimulated by any vigor of thought, unwarmed by any generous fervor of youthful feeling, then when he passes from the benches of the school-room to the pews of the meeting-house, it will be the lot of the minister to preach Christianity,

not so much to a man as an animal, or a machine; and though he could speak with the tongue of an angel, he will speak comparatively in vain.'

In making these remarks we would not be understood to undervalue the services they have rendered or are now rendering to the common schools of The State. As a class they are devoting more time at greater sacrifices, than any other portion—we believe we should be safe in saying—than all the rest of the community together. From no portion of the community have we received more cordial co-operation or more personal kindness in visiting different sections of the State. But we are anxious that they should do more. In common with other professional men, and educated men generally, we wish them to co-operate to make the common schools good enough for their own children in all that relates to a sound English education, embracing the head, the heart and the manners. From their own education, their experience as teachers and school visiters, their pursuits, leading them to daily intercourse with their own people, and their position, as religious teachers, we feel that there is no class of the community who can do more, or so much to advance common schools and common school teachers in public estimation.

This topic is very ably presented by the Rev. B. O. Peers, in his excellent work on American Education, in a chapter devoted to an appeal to the clergy on their obligation to assist in exciting, elevating and directing public sentiment on the subject of popular education. We make the following brief extract. 'As to the manner in which the clergy may promote the interests of popular education, I remark in general that they may do so by a great variety of incidental methods, the whole of which cannot be specified. For instance, they may make it the frequent subject of their conversation, they may induce their parishioners to read about it, and furnish them at the same time, with the means of information. They may occasionally supply the neigboring press with articles upon the subject, and stimulate the editor to advocate its claims. They may do much to encourage teachers by visiting their schools, attending their examinations, and prevailing upon the parents of the children to do so likewise; and even from the sacred desk, they may and should, with frequency and earnestness, call the attention of their people to the nature and advantages of general education. In these and a hundred other ways which experience will best point out, they may contribute materially to this hallowed cause. And when we reflect how many thousand clergymen there are in the United States, what might not be anticipated from a combined, harmonious effort on their part? Acting in co-operation with other friends of education, only let them all consider themselves as responsible agents in their respective spheres, charged with enlightening the public mind as to the true nature and worth of education, with circulating the same views, guarding the people against mistakes of practice and opinion, and exciting them to a liberal provision of the means to meet the current expenses of their schools; and ten years need not elapse before public opinion throughout the Union shall have experienced a complete and healthy revolution.'

For the Register and Observer.

LETTER FROM MR HUNTINGTON.

In my last letter I hinted at some of the causes of the slow progress of our faith. Not only is there at present a scarcity of preachers, but our contributions have been altogether too small for the exigencies of the times. Place ample means at the disposal of the Association, and you need not turn the clergy out of the Board, in order to insure efficient action. The deliberations of the most business-like committee must be powerless without disposable means to set the wheels in motion. But besides this pressing want both of preachers and of funds, we have to complain of *indifference* on the part of Unitarians about the spread of their faith.

The cause of this, we are now to consider, particularly as respects the West. And what is this—what else can it be—except actual ignorance of the religious wants of the West, and of the favorable opportunities that now offer, for planting churches there? I know there are some of our denominations, that have already felt strongly upon this subject, and acted generously. But there are too many, who have not been so moved. Perhaps some have had plans and operations for building up their own churches; which may have left them but little time for inquiring into the condition of their far-off brethren, and but small means for aiding them. Geographical error, too, has possibly led those that may have attempted any thing of this kind, into mistakes as to the proper magnitude of their enterprises. Quincy, Tremont and Hillsboro', for example, which are situated about one hundred and fifty miles distant from each other, I have several times heard spoken of by gentlemen in New England, as if situated in somewhat the same proximity as Boston, Waltham and Dedham, and therefore, as easily falling under the care of one, and the same Evangelist. Now that the society of Alton has declined, Hillsboro' is the nearest Unitarian church to Saint Louis; and yet an occasional exchange between their pastors would cost them a tedious and expensive journey of forty-five miles by land, and twenty by water, or, (by another route) sixty over land. Small, indeed, is the relief that comes of *such* exchanges, especially where the common mode of travelling is on horseback, over roads unwrought and rivers not generally bridged.

Even what has been done for the West is so little and ineffectual, that it seems to have been predicated upon the supposition that it was of very small importance whether any thing whatever was done. True, donations to the amount of two or three thousand dollars were once made by the churches of Boston and New York towards creating the Unitarian church at St. Louis; but these were almost extorted, upon the personal solicitation of its devoted pastor. Three or four missions also have been projected; but when actually carried into effect they have proved to be of only a few weeks' or months' duration each, a considerable portion of which was consumed in going and coming. Now, is it reasonable to expect any permanent results from these occasional visits of passing strangers, or, from the interrupted labors of those who reside there for a longer time, but have to divide their attention among several places? Certainly, this would be expecting consequences altogether out of proportion to such inadequate means. This is not the way that we reason and act, in building up our churches at home. *Here*, thousands are expended upon a single parish, where scarcely a hundred is applied in Illinois to an entire county—perhaps to two or three counties, equalling in size the entire state of Massachusetts. And yet, the difficulties which attend the establishing of churches there, are vastly greater than in maintaining our ancient ones at home. Manifestly, there is great inequality in the two cases; and therefore there has been something like unreasonableness in the expectations cherished in certain quarters; and a palpable want of fitness in the adaptation of means to end, in regard to Western missions. Let us no longer hold out delusive hopes. Let us not seek to soften down the stern truth, which even our limited experience must have rendered obvious, that no transient impulse of this kind—no hurried visit, though of the ablest Evangelists, will ever establish Unitarianism in the West; but that all hopes of either founding or building up churches there, by missions of a few Sabbaths, or even months, must prove utterly illusory; and that the first blow will generally have been struck in vain, unless it be followed by another and another.

I have no serious apprehensions, however, that our Western brethren will be deserted in this their hour of trial and peril; for I think Unitarians here may easily be made to comprehend the critical position, which their Western friends at present occupy. Having attracted the unfriendly suspicions and jealousies of the exclusive and bigoted around them, (for, no opposition is so relentless as that which is couched against supposed heresy,) if they are now left to shift for themselves, there is imminent danger that their ranks will be broken, they themselves led away to other churches, and our cause thus forced far into the back ground, if not utterly ruined. It would, indeed, be little less than treachery, *now* to withhold our aid from the infant churches of the West. Nor do I believe that it will be withheld. On the contrary, I think Unitarians will feel themselves called upon, not merely to keep alive their sympathy for their Western brethren and to confirm the churches gathered there with so much pains, but to do more than they have ever yet done, and strike out a course of conduct altogether different from that measured, cautious and dilatory one hitherto pursued. 'Through evil as well as good report,' by our funds as well as by our counsels we ought to stand the fast friends of the infant churches of our faith, in the Mississippi valley. There is really no such want of money as to render the excuse of *hard times* valid against all appropriations. A scarcity of money will be pleaded as long as the world stands, even as a reason for not sending abroad that which is the fountain of our highest hopes. Our Eastern churches can at any moment fling out their thousands if they see cause; and it is to be hoped that our plans and movements for planting our faith in the West will from this time forth cease to be graduated by a scale so circumscribed, and take at once a comprehensiveness and vigor commensurate with our resources as a denomination, and the real magnitude of our object. Dollars and cents ought not to form the basis of our calculations at all. Economy should be applied only to the manner of expending our funds,—not, as it seems to have been, to the manner of raising them. It is now in the power of our denomination to do a great and good work in Illinois and the West generally, if we will but show ourselves equal to the occasion. I mention Illinois in particular, because it is in *that* state, that our cause has already made the greatest progress, and it is thither that emigrants of our faith have chiefly tended. They are as yet, however, few in any one place; and they are far from being wealthy. Some of them are broken merchants, who have gone out from the shelter of our time-hallowed temples, to repair by industry their ruined fortunes. They are not swimming upon a tide of prosperous speculation. This gilded bubble has proved as unsubstantial in the West as in the East; and not fewer there than here have been mortified to find that they have grasped, in fact, not sudden wealth and independence, but a vacant dream,—a gilded phantom. Others of them are young men, never possessed of very ample resources who now find themselves removed beyond the mountains at considerable expense, with heavy demands upon their disposable means for the public improvement of the villages where they are living—leaving them little or nothing to spare for maintaining religious institutions. Yet their respect for these continues undiminished,—or rather, it is increased by the disgusting aspect and alarming effects of the opposite spirit prevailing around them. For, as the people of the West act out their honest convictions with great freedom and sincerity, not only is piety more active and circumspect, but skepticism is more bare-faced and proselyting; so that even those, who here in New England, were once subject to the suspicion of too great laxness in regard to maintaining religious order, when they have once been brought to witness the secularizing and dangerous tendencies of Western independence, verging as it does towards the extreme of licentiousness, have become convinced of the imperative necessity of giving the whole weight of their influence in favor of sustaining the external forms of Christianity. By manifesting indifference to the wants of our Western brethren, we shall be likely to diminish the attachment which they have hitherto felt for us; and lead those there, *not* of our faith, to lower their estimate of the respectability and power of our denomination. Some of the latter class naturally judge of the merits of our theology by the zeal that we exhibit in spreading it, and by the magnitude of our missionary operations. Allowance is to be made, likewise, for the prevailing prejudice of Western men against contributing largely for the support of the gospel. Whatever moneys are raised in the West for this object must come in large measure from those, who are of Eastern origin. This prejudice is easily traced to a southern source, having crept in, under the influence of the methodist and one or two other sects, which pay their clergy little or nothing by way of salary. It may be considered a blemish in Western character, but it should be frankly acknowledged, as another reason for affording relief to our friends there. And this may be safely extended to them upon the plan already pursued by our own, and other denominations, —of making appropriations, on condition that these are met by an equal amount of money raised amongst themselves.

Illinois undoubtedly possesses extraordinary advantages for becoming a powerful state; and such she *will* become, provided she can have a liberal, life-giving religion. At present, there is much to be corrected as well as praised, not only in her religious relations, but in legislation, morals and society. That a state so large, and so rich in natural facilities, whether for subsistence or communication, will soon sustain an immense population, there can be no reasonable doubt. The practical question, then, is—whether we ought not to lend her good and true men (our younger brethren) a helping hand in the present exigency; and whether we might not do this, with great benefit to the cause of what we believe is the truth? Here, in the elder states, sectarian lines are already distinctly drawn; and the great mass of our population are marshalled under one or another of the various denominations; but in the new states and territories of the West, multitudes are not yet attached to any particular church, but are ready to fall in with that, which shall first offer them the ordinances of the gospel. A wide field, therefore, invites our labors. Would that I could set forth in adequate terms, the high importance of entering it immediately and laboring earnestly, since it will soon be the centre of an influence mighty, extensive, permanent, either for the weal or the woe of an immense population. Ought we not, then, so to lay our plans and so to pursue them, as by all means to secure the accomplishment of our end, without being deterred by a trifling expense, or driven from our purpose by a little obvious difficulty.

Sincerely yours, W. P. H.

(From the London Review.)

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

It would be most desirable that people should clearly define to themselves what it is by which a book is constituted a child's book, or one fit for children. We take it, that the common idea of such a one is, that it should be about children; that it should be written in more or less broken, short sentences, according to the age it is meant for; that it should contain only common-place opinions, such as grown folks assent to without any trouble of thinking; that its language should be such as the ordinary chit-chat of life is carried on in; that it should contain a number of facts, a great deal of information as to things near or far off, of common interest or chance speculation, dropping in, all isolated, apropos of anything—a sort of *tidy* of stray knowledge, where small odds and ends are gathered in, as fit for the capacity of small readers: with sentiment, and morality, and religion, equally torn to fragments, and presented in small strong doses, that they may be sure of working an effect. The great necessity of levelling the book to the child's mind is strong on our minds, and as the idiom of our day and our caste is familiar to us, we suppose it easy. As we know that length of application is wearisome, and sequence of reasoning a labor to follow, we consider they may be omitted from the formation of mind; and as the ideal work of the fairy tale and the fable is founded on fiction, we suppose ourselves to secure truth by making 'the world as it is' our scene, and children, or the powers of nature, our actors.

There is at present a very laudable desire that children should understand what we bring before them; only, sufficient attention is, perhaps, not paid to the difference between understanding for the future; preparing for a great ultimate harvest, or reaping the occasional blades and flowers we can coax into quick growth; and as we stint and stunt ourselves with our desire of wisdom and facts, so we keep children on a water-gruel diet of small realties and utilities, and they cannot stretch out the hand, like us, and reach solider food if appetite prompts. As to what constitutes intelligibleness to the child, too, we usually mistake minds we have to deal with are unfinished, and we therefore think that it is immature and unfinished will pass well with them; we fancy that what the full minds most fully understand and appreciate, and what commonplace ones do neither understand nor appreciate, is unfit for youth, we are very apt to confound the ignorance of innocence and inexperience with the thick-headedness of mean habits, selfishness and vice. A well known minister of the gospel has said that it was a mistake to endeavor to preach down to the poor and lowly by trite, unfigurative, vulgar language. Children and the poor understand eloquence, for eloquence speaks to the feelings, which the most unsophisticated have ever the most open to impressions. It is reasoning which they cannot follow far, for our intelligence of this must grow by exercise. All children have feeling and fancy; all may be addressed through their emotions and their imagination, and as for wrong-headed enthusiasm, fanaticism, or what is called romance—these have as much to do, in ordinary minds, with errors of the heart and character, with vanity, self-conceit, and hardness, as with any intellectual deficiency which scraps of useful knowledge will supply. Whatever genius has consecrated, children may be trusted with. The glowing imagery of Arabian fancy, the chivalrous devotion, and the patient enduring, which usually form the moral of the tales of Scheherazade, will operate just as well on their minds as even Rosamond's tangled skein of silk; for though the instances come literally home to nothing in their life, yet we doubt if as much gentleness and patience is not likely to be brought into our trivial misfortunes by a character of mind which does not perceive them, as by one for ever formed against each petty incident as it occurs. We shall just as fully expect reasoning powers to be strengthened and cleared by acquaintance with what might have argued in the Roman or British Senate, with how truth and honest indignation have swept before them all that sophistry and interest could adduce in behalf of some great wrong to humanity, as by exercising them, if exercise it can be called, on the whys and wherefores of stones and plants. We shall expect humane comprehension of the life and rights that exist in the animal creation to be not more vividly impressed by all the stories about horses, dogs or mice, or even by compendiums of natural history, than by the beautiful old lore of fables, especially his who was *the* fabulist, and stands alone with his world of all unreasoning nature as Shakspeare, the dramatist, stands with his human one.

If the business of human life were aught but *life;* if knowledge, pursuits, this or the other action, were ends, not means; if not to form a noble existence, but to exist in this or the other way, were the purpose; if the human being were to be honored by, not honor his office; then our continual cramming, disrobing, analyzing, would seem to have its use: then we should hurry over (naturally) all that waste of time and thought which admiration, wonder, reverence cause: the imagination would be reasonably forbidden to erect its air castles in which the spirit, the heir of higher, brighter, more gorgeous futurity, anticipates and foresees its inheritance: and as we should do well to apply ourselves at once to understanding the machinery by which we are to work, we might easily lead ourselves to fancy that the sooner we can learn bits and scraps of it by rote the better. Yet would even this be a mistake, because though we take the destiny of humanity at its lowest calculation, still, before all the matter with which we are to work, it is necessary to have in ourselves an able agent; a power of the mind is worth immeasurably more for performing the commonest task-work than a knowledge of the particular tool with which we are to work. Besides, most of the fragmentary knowledge with which we are crammed has not the least to do with any purpose we can be put to; it is merely transferring the fairy tale from what strikes and delights our external senses, and fosters in ourselves a power of imagination and creation, to the detail of an infinite number of facts—which known or unknown, leave all visible creation, as far as all its ordinary uses are concerned, just as much the same they found it, as any fairy tale does, and which calls upon our mind for nothing but a sterile assent; whilst the edge is taken off the wonder, the amusement, that should beguile our future serious study of science, and our eyes and ears are filled with ready made explanations and theories, till we are infinitely too learned to examine, to search, reason for ourselves. We are, as it were, dragged across the ocean of knowledge by a steam-tug, with chart displayed, and observations prepared. No happy ignorance forces us to sound, no adverse gale tries our seamanship; we reach the port fresh water sailors, with clean hands and clean logs, and for anything of wisdom or strength we have gained on the way, might as well have stayed at home; and yet in a new place, amidst new people and circumstances, to have arrived fortified with the habit of observation and labor, and with the self-reliance which trial only can teach, might have been a blessing to us.

In the meantime, around a literature which is thus frivolous to our children and to ourselves, these rise, without, not in it, though expressing themselves by the press (at least that press of the poor—the newspaper—as all things do now) evidences that there exist men who think, and feel, and reason, with all that force which real conviction and knowledge, earnt by serious toil, can alone give; and we may perhaps, ere long, be taught, if not by events, yet by our conscious inferiority, to throw away in disgust the flimsy webs of prescriptive reasoning and fragmentary knowledge in which we too complacently dress ourselves —as we see these very ignorant classes about whose right to knowledge, and how we intend to dole it out, we contend, starting before us with wisdom for which they have wrought, and strength for which they have struggled, unaided, to win from us the race of humanity.

Nor is the moral or religious culture of our children more rationally conceived than the intellectual. That propagandism of opinions, neither based on deep and long examination and intimate conviction, nor called into expression by irresistible enthusiasm—but taken up superficially, affectedly, idly, or with that purpose of being put forth in the way of trade or the way of notoriety, which characterizes too much the literature of our day, and which finds in reference to those who are to be taught, peculiar temptation to display itself—necessarily frivolizes all it touches, and renders it essentially mean, narrow, untrustworthy: turning all the deep and hidden things of physical and moral nature, what we reverence and what we cannot comprehend, mixed up with matters of no moment and facts of no sterlingness, into an indiscriminate sort of artificial gossip. For truth can no more be preserved where incidents and morals are to be constantly dovetailed in together, than knowledge can be accurately given where curious features are to be set like glittering gems in slight scarce touched-in sketches of science—whilst modest nature keeps both her moral and her wonder closely hidden, amidst common circumstances.

The most moral of all books, as the best spirits have long felt, are those which cannot belong to the propaganda; they are written not to compass an end, though an end flows from them; their morality does not lie in moral saws, nor in poetic justice administered at the end of a tale, but in their being the transcript of the inmost nature of a noble and wise man: and with such, children of course have nothing to do if they must understand all that is brought before them, must be the wiser for it, must have something above all to show for it. We, ourselves, can we reckon upon our fingers the facts that we have learned from the writings of genius? from following with our minds one of those that have immortality here as well as hereafter? Possibly not: we have only been enlarging, strengthening, ennobling, preparing *our* minds for here and for hereafter, and this gives no tangible result, nothing to satisfy the restless spirit of the propaganda. And if a positive result be obtained, what is it? Not one small matter projected forth as with the light and the magnifying power of an oxy-hydrogen microscope on it—but a whole looming around us, grand, vast and silencing; a somewhat greater thing surely, though rather less suitable for us to talk of, or make a show with.

We should expect stronger minds, firmer principles, loftier taste, from intercourse with the true and sincere and gifted, ay, and clearer comprehension too, than from aught that mediocrity explains and lowers down to the immature capacity. The best books for children, in our apprehension, would be all sincere and impressive writing, all earnest and downright knowledge, in which they could feel sufficient interest to read it without compulsion. Access being freely given to better sources of instruction, we would not fear to exclude the species of children's books now in vogue; but into an idea of a sound and sterling education a sober use of them would enter. In no way does there seem to us wisdom in the multitude of books, for by dint of reading, thought, instead of being encouraged, is extinguished: especially when the books deal only in results, suppressing the processes by which they are arrived at; killing by a surfeit that love of science they affect to foster by their bribery of amusing facts; attempting to be moral by a vain repetition of precepts without cultivating in the mind anything which would naturally respond to those precepts, or by a systematic falsification of the course of human life in order to 'point a moral.' F. B.

THE BIBLE IN PRUSSIA.—The Chevalier Bunsen, at the late Anniversary of the British Foreign Bible Society, stated that more than 100,000 copies of the New Testament have been distributed by the above named society in the Prussian army within the last eight years. He stated that the soldiers and officers in that army, are called upon, by solemn signal, at their guardpost, to greet the dawn of day, and the approaching night, with silent prayer.

SPINOZA.

[From Mr Ripley's Reply to Mr Norton.]

It may not be improper to give some explanations of the doctrine of Spinoza, 'that the divine intelligence differs entirely from human intelligence;' especially as it is stated in the 'Remarks' (p. 25.) that 'Spinoza labors to prove that we cannot ascribe intellect and will to the Deity in any intelligible sense of the words; that is, that we cannot reasonably ascribe them to the Deity at all.' A thorough discussion of this subject, however, would demand too much space, for my present purpose. I must therefore, content myself here, with referring to one or two sources, in which the essential distinction between the divine and the human intelligence, is insisted on, and to a certain degree, elucidated.

The language of Spinoza himself, in a work already quoted, which is not to be taken as a proof of his final opinions, but which may serve to illustrate their sense, as laid down in his 'Ethics', has an immediate bearing on this point.

'Among the attributes of God we have before enumerated omniscience, which it is sufficiently evident belongs to God; because knowledge (*scientia*) perfection in itself, and God perfect Being, can be ion; wherefore, knowl- to God in the highest is presupposes or supposes ation of knowledge; for, in would be imperfection in the attribute, or in God. Hence it follows that God has never possessed intelligence as a power, nor draws conclusions by a process of reasoning, (*nunquam habuisse intellectum potentia, neque per ratiocinium aliquid concludere.*')

I may remark, in passing, that this sentence shows the difficulty in always seizing the correct sense of Spinoza's statements. An incurious or pre-occupied reader might infer from the last clause, that Spinoza denied intelligence to God, 'in any intelligible sense of the words;' though his whole argument is intended to prove the contrary.

Mr Coleridge often presents important suggestions, explanatory of the distinction maintained by Spinoza.

'The Supreme Reason,' says Coleridge, 'whose knowledge is creative, and antecedent to the things known, is distinguished from the understanding, or creaturely mind of the individual, the acts of which are posterior to the things, it records and arranges.'

'It is, however, of immediate importance, to the point in discussion, that the reader should be made to see how altogether incompatible the principle of judging by general consequences is with the Idea of an Eternal, Omnipresent, and Omniscient Being! that he should be made aware of the absurdity of attributing *any* form of Generalization to the all-perfect Mind. *To generalize* is a faculty and function of the Human Understanding, and from its imperfection and limitation are the use and the necessity of generalizing derived. Generalization is a substitute for Intuition, for the power of *intuitive*, (that is, immediate) knowledge. As a substitute, it is a gift of inestimable value to a finite Intelligence, such as *Man* in his present state is endowed with and capable of exercising; but yet a *substitute* only, and an imperfect one, to boot. To attribute it to God is the grossest anthropomorphism.'

Fenelon, is perhaps, still more explicit, in regard to this distinction; and often throws light on many of Spinoza's conceptions, though he considered himself as his antagonist.

'Whatever is real in intelligence,' says Fenelon, 'God possesses in a sovereign degree; it is his knowledge (*science,*) his word, his light. Nevertheless, to limit this to the idea of spirit, in the degree and in the sense in which that term applies to us, would be a degradation of the attribute. His intelligence is neither successive, nor multiplied; it is not merely spirit, precisely in the kind and degree of being, which he has communicated to us. If we should see his essence unveiled, we should find that it differs infinitely from the idea which we have of a created spirit. This thought, so far from lowering the idea of the incomprehensible being, is an elevation of this idea to the supreme degree of incomprehensibility.'

'I perceive a great difference between conceiving and comprehending. To conceive of an object, is to have such a knowledge of it as suffices to distinguish it from every other object, with which it could be confounded, and still not to know every thing which is in itself, in such a manner, as to be assured that we distinctly know all its perfections, as far as they are intelligible in themselves.

'To comprehend, signifies to know distinctly and clearly all the perfections of the object, so far as they are intelligible. It is only God who knows the Infinite to infinity; we know the Infinite only in a finite manner. He must therefore see in himself an infinity of things, which we cannot see in him; and those, which we do see in him, he sees with a clearness and a precision, to separate and combine them, which infinitely surpasses our own.

'God who knows himself with this perfect knowledge, which I call comprehension, does not contemplate himself successively, and by a series of reflex thoughts. As God is pre-eminently one, his thought, which is himself, is also pre-eminently one; as he is infinite, his thought is infinite; a simple, indivisible, and infinite thought, can have no succession; there is, therefore in this thought, none of the properties of time, which is a limited, divisible and changing existence.'

For the Register and Observer.

From a Sermon on 'The Sea' delivered before the First Congregational Society in Walpole, N. H., from the text, 'The sea gave up the dead which were therein.' By Frederic A. Whitney.

* * * So came out those over whom affection is left to mourn, from a great city of varied and busy life. Happy homes were open to receive them; the marts of business were looking for their tidings, and for one, God's altar was waiting. Who of them, as they laid down to rest on that peaceful Sabbath, dreamed that it should be to them the last on earth?—that for them another night should never come? Health and high hopes, virtue and piety, youth and usefulness, all were there, but they could not make life certain. As in a dream, passed away that great company. All the relations of domestic life, so much that makes life desirable and dear, pleaded on those waters. Parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and citizen, (terms all, how full of endearment and worth) were there; and while fears for safety hardly existed, were encompassed with danger and death. As if in mockery of their sufferings, the fatal fire stood up, a barrier in the midst of their burning ship, like a [illegible] of Dr Mantell's [illegible] ology; or a beautiful thing, filled with life and joy, hastening prosperously to its port. A few hours only and midnight saw it a deformed and smoking wreck, desolate and still; and presently to go below where the living, to whom security it could not promise, had sunk before. Yes! 'a step only there was between them and death.' A few brief hours, and bright anticipations were checked, and future arrangements were interrupted, and faces beaming with thought and reflection, were pale in death, and strong and beautiful forms were laid low. God's dealings, in whom alone dwells all wisdom and knowledge, with his frail creatures who see and know but in part. We need his more striking providence. He has spoken tones from the sea in a voice which sounds not always, to which he would have us listen, by which he would have us profit.

* * * *

And finally, the event should not pass away without its influence upon our social affections and sympathies. If by God's mercy, our own most familiar circles have been unbroken, if among those victims of the sea and of death were none to whom especially he had bound us, we have but to cherish a warmer gratitude, while we cannot of course so feelingly deplore the loss. And yet, my friends, if all our sympathy for human suffering and trial is shut up within the narrow circle of kindred and special affection, how imperfectly are our characters developed! If, because the messenger of death has not knocked at our own doors, we feel no sympathy with the many homes to be made desolate;—with the widowed and the fatherless ones, whose is a sorrow with which the stranger intermeddleth not; with the parents bereft of children, their trust and their joy; with those who no more on earth shall greet a brother and sister, then perhaps were it well for us had God spoken nearer and louder to our hearts. He calls us by this providence to a new effort to break the invidious chains of selfishness; to advance the growth of our benevolent affections; to send out and abroad that love, which like his own, should embrace all our brethren.

And one there was among that company, whom the sea has gathered to its dark chambers, in the stores of whose mind and in the treasures of whose heart, our community,—the world has, indeed, sustained a loss. I refer to the Rev. Charles Follen, the late Professor in Harvard University. An exile from his home in despotic Austria for his fearless defence of civil and religious liberty, he came out to this country, sixteen years since, here to serve the cause he loved so well. Few, in years not more extended, have done so much as he for truth, for freedom, for humanity. A strong mind was his and richly cultivated, and a heart that overflowed with the love of man. He was a rare instance of the union of intellectual strength with the gentle and benevolent affections. Always firm, always mild. Possessed of a judgment mature and calm, he was never carried away by startling novelties and unsettled theories, nor yet blindly attached to the past. His faith in God's being and providence and in the capacity of man's nature, *filled him* always with pleasant *hopes*. Truth, which he ever sought, was *in him* and did there abound. Its impress was on his character, it lived in his countenance. He was one of those, of whom Cecil so well speaks, who seem, as by some mysterious power, to impart a holy influence from their presence. Yet not mysterious, because the natural influence of truth and goodness. In the beautiful benignity of this spirit, he reminded us of the Apostle John. It was good to be with him. It was instruction, though he was not sitting in the instructor's seat. Civil freedom and the great principles of Christian liberty and faith lose in him a strong and consistent champion. He has died not old in years, but in that more honorable age which standeth not in length of days, but in true wisdom and the love of God. Through the fire and the sea, and while the society to whom lately he had ministered, were waiting for his services in the consecration of their temple, he has passed to the services in heaven. If, as the poet has said,

'The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life
Quite on the verge of heaven,'

would it not seem a privilege, if so you must have suffered and died, to have gone hence in the sympathy and society of one like him?

We have thus been led by this providence of God, to meditate upon the sea which he chose for its sorrowful scene, and to learn the lessons of God, of life and death, which both impart. We have seen the ocean as the great grave of man, and as but just now having added to its silent congregation. But 'the sea,' beautiful assurance of our text, 'gives up the dead which are therein.' Great though it be among the works of God, the spirit of man is greater. That roams to greater extent,—to loftier heights and farther depths. That speaks as the sea cannot,—that thinks and acts and worships God and loves man. That, too, 'given up' from the cold waves will live forever, as the sea will not. When the vision in the Apocalypse of which our text is part, is fulfilled, the wandering waters of the ocean shall all be gathered in. A new heaven and a new earth shall appear, for the first shall have passed away, and there shall be 'no more sea,' and death shall be no more.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

A SERMON, preached at the church in Brattle Square, on Sunday morning, January 19, 1839, on the DESTRUCTION OF THE LEXINGTON BY FIRE, January 13th. By S. K. Lothrop, Pastor of the Church. Published by Request.

This discourse was heard with great and will be read with equal interest. It contains many passages of uncommon pathos and beauty. We should be glad to make several extracts but have room only for one. The just and touching tribute to the lamented Follen will meet a quick and deep response from the hearts of all who were so happy as to know him. He was, for two years, our teacher. His pupils can never cease to remember with gratitude his gentle assiduity. So bland, so kind, so considerate, that while he excited and enlightened the

after mentioning numerous wrecks on our coast, and the burning of the Harold, continues in the following impressive manner.

A few days pass, and our thoughts are yet wandering to that far off spot on the lonely ocean, where

'The death Angel flapped his broad wing o'er the wave,'

when they are suddenly called back, and called home, by a calamity which appalls and almost benumbs sensation, by its fearful nature and a magnitude not yet ascertained in its full extent. I need not name it. I need not describe it. It cannot be described. The circumstances attending it are few, but terrible. Imagination can hardly paint a scene, in its immediate aspect, or its ultimate and swiftly approaching issues, more full of horrors, to distract the calmest mind, to unnerve the stoutest heart,—'horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself.' No warning was given to prepare the thoughts, no omen of peril had been noticed. The tempest and the whirlwind give signals of their approach, but no signal is here to tell of coming danger. In an instant almost, that unfortunate company found themselves assailed by an enemy against which they could make no defence, and from which they soon lost all means of escape. And three 'only have escaped alone to tell' the tale, to give the brief outline of the beginning of that scene of terror and dismay. How it ended, and the details of its progress, what were the movements, the efforts and sufferings of the shipwrecked gathered upon that burning deck, none can tell.

The physical suffering endured in those brief hours, must have been severe, but it sinks into insignificance before the mental suffering of a situation so bereft of hope. To be shipwrecked is terrible. To be driven by the fierce hurricane upon an iron, rock-bound coast, is fearful and appalling. But in shipwreck there is room for action, and consequently for hope There is something to be done, some effort to be made; a steady eye, a calm, self-possessed mind, a courageous heart, may avail something towards escape, and if death come at last, it comes only after noble efforts and struggles. To die in battle is terrible. Few scenes of this world's suffering and woe, can equal the battle field,—that scene of dreadful and indiscriminate slaughter, where multitudes are assembled that death may mow them down with greater facility, that, not individuals, but thousands may be levelled at a blow, that the mighty and renowned, the young, the healthy, and the vigorous may perish in a moment, amid piercing groans, and frantic shouts, and bitter shrieks, and the roar of the deadly thunder, which strews around them companions in misery. But in battle there is *action*, and to the very last there is *hope*, hope of success or escape. The mind is buoyed up and pressed onward to effort and endurance by this hope, and if at last death come, sudden and violent, there is, it may be, the consciousness of a noble duty nobly done, of life periled in a holy cause, and sacrificed, if sacrificed it must be, to freedom and truth.

But here, after the first few moments, there was no room for action, effort, or hope. In the wild confusion and dismay of the first outbreak of danger, the only means of escape had been utterly lost. And there they stood, the two companies, helpless and powerless, gathered on the bow and stern of that ill-fated boat,—the devouring fire raging to madness between them, throwing its lurid flames to Heaven and casting a terrific brightness upon the yawning waves that stood ready to engulph them. There was no longer any help in man. None could hope to live for an hour in that wild wintry sea. They had nothing to do but to wait, to suffer, and to die. If ever any situation required manhood, fortitude and the power of religious faith, it must have been this. Let us trust, brethren, that these were not wanting. Let us trust that those brief hours were not all hours of pain, of grief, of unmitigated anguish. Let us hope that, while glad memories of the past thronged thick and fast upon their minds, and burning thoughts of home, of wife or husband, of children and kindred, no more to be seen on earth, tore with anguish their hearts, there also came in upon their souls, sweet and holy in its influences, that faith, mightier than any human affection, stronger than any mortal peril, which lifts the spirit to God, and gives it peace in death.

That this faith was present to many, with a calming and sustaining power, we have reason to hope. That it was present to one I cannot doubt; and from among the many husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, who, torn from their homes on earth, have found, I trust, a home in Heaven, I may be allowed to select and notice one, the only one with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, whose unobtrusive goodness and genuine worth have won for him an abiding place in the memory, and the hearts of all, who knew him well.

Exiled from his birth place, not for any crime, but for his love of liberty, his adherence to what he thought right and truth, Dr. Follen, brought to this, his adopted country, the same principles, the same noble sentiments, the same love of freedom and of truth, the same devotion to what he deemed duty that had banished him from his home. It is now nearly twenty years since he sought a refuge in our land, bringing with him no patent of nobility, but that which God had stamped upon his soul; and he needed none other to secure him that place in society to which his worth and talents entitled him. During his residence among us, he has honorably filled some of the most important literary offices in the community. As a Professor in our University, those, who enjoyed his instruction, will bear testimony to his faithfulness and industry, to the unvarying kindness and Christian courtesy which marked his manners. As a preacher, earnest and persuasive, as a pastor, devoted and affectionate, full of good words and works, carrying with him to the houses of mourning a heart of quick and tender sympathies, in the dwellings of the happy and the prosperous, remembering the injunction to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice,' he secured to himself the love and respect of all. Even those, and I myself was among the number, who differed from him in judgment and opinion on some subjects, honored and revered the man. His character deserved and inspired these emotions. The qualities, for which Dr. Follen was remarkable, were his ardent love of truth and his high moral purpose, his warm and tender affections, his quick and wide sympathies with humanity, and especially and above all, the simplicity and purity that distinguished his every thought and word. He was truly an upright and sincere man, 'in whom there was no guile.' In the prime of life, with a mind vigorous, active and richly stored with learning, a heart full of noble purposes and aspirations, his death is a public bereavement From literature and religion it takes an ornament, from truth and virtue, an advocate, eloquent in character as well as speech, and from an extensive circle of friends, an object of warm and confident attachment. Upon the sanctuary of private sorrow, we cannot, we dare not intrude. There is desolation there which none but God can reach and comfort. Our sympathy is with the living,—for him we fear not. Death in however terrible a form, could have no terrors to him. It could not find him unprepared, and those who have seen his 'calm look, where Heaven's pure light was shed,' will feel assured that in that last hour of mortal agony,

'Faith o'er his soul, spread forth her shadowless her sunny wing,
And from the spoiler plucked the dreaded sting.'

Confident that Christian faith thus calmed and sustained him, I would humbly trust that others also had a blessed experience of its power, that with many the last moment of sensation was full of that peace which no earthly vicissitude can disturb, and the gloom and darkness of a watery grave light at hope, which speaks of *eternal life*.

For the Register and Observer.

MORE ABOUT SPINOZA.

One of the ablest works in our language on the subject of Natural Theology, is that of Dr Alexander Crombie, published in London in 1829, in two octavo volumes. In the twelfth section of his chapter on the Existence of the Deity he gives a summary of Spinoza's opinions, as he had derived them from a careful study of his posthumous works. His analysis of the system, carried through twenty-four pages, is lucid, acute and thorough. He probes to the bottom, and points out in detail 'the falsities, the contradictions, and gratuitous assumptions in the system of Spinoza, a system too abstruse in its principles to be generally understood, and in its consequences too abhorrent to our natural feelings to be generally embraced.' As his work is rare, never having been reprinted in this country, we select a few passages which will show the opinion which he entertained of this 'celebrated atheist.' This opinion is the more valuable, as it is not 'a traditional prejudice,' but is the result of 'an attentive examination' made by one 'conversant with philosophical studies.'

'We proceed now to direct our attention to another hypothesis. By what name it is to be distinguished—whether it is to be called *atheism* or *pantheism*,—it is unimportant to determine. The hypothesis to which we allude is that of Spinoza. Nothing indeed should have induced us to notice the dogmas of this insidious sophist, but the persuasion that not only on the continent has this system still many adherents, but is in this country also advocated by a few, who either see not, or profess not to see, the baleful tendency of the doctrines which Spinoza inculcated.

'The system of Spinoza has been variously understood, his advocates denying that it contains any doctrine irreconcileable with theism, or derogatory to the character of the Supreme Being; and his opponents representing his *Opera Posthuma* as inculcating, under disguise, the pestiferous principles of a thorough paced *Atheist*. It is remote from our intention to exaggerate his errors, or to impute to him doctrines which he has not clearly expressed, or which are not legitimately deducible from the principles which he maintains. But a respect for truth compels us to acknowledge, that, after an attentive examination of his posthumous work, it appears evident to us that, whilst his argument professedly aims at the demonstration of an infinite Being, and while he speaks of Deity in terms of reverential respect, *his doctrine would utterly annihilate our faith in the existence of an Intelligent Creator and Ruler of the universe*. His hypothesis is pregnant with the most revolting extravagancies, and leads to conclusions at which the heart sickens with disgust, and the souls recoils with horror.

'Spinoza was persuaded that something must have existed from eternity; but perceiving nothing in the world but matter, concluded that nothing but matter can exist. He asserted, therefore, that there is but one substance, and this substance, with its attributes and modes, infinite and self-existent. To us it is evident that he justly incurs the charge alleged against Epicurus and the disciples of the same school. '*Deum verbis ponere, re tollere.*' The whole of his doctrine is founded on certain definitions and assumptions, of which some are false, and others gratuitous.'—*Vol. I.* 338—341.

'He defines Deity in these words:—*Per Deum intelligo ens absolute infinitum, hoc est, substantiam constantem infinitis attributis, quorum unumquodque æternam et infinitam essentiam exprimit.* [By God I understand a being altogether infinite, that is, a substance consisting of infinite attributes, each one of which expresses the infinite and eternal essence.] In this definition there is no conception expressed, or implied, which can be pronounced irreverential, or which a rational and pious theist would be disposed to condemn. But when we discover who his Deity is, we recoil from the thought with feelings of abhorrence.

'According to the doctrine of Spinoza, a Deity necessarily exists—a being, as he afterwards attempts to prove, extended and intelligent, infinite and indivisible. Now, as one substance, agreeably to his system, is incapable of producing another, and as only one infinite substance can exist, it follows that the Deity is the only existing substance, and that the universe is nothing; or that the Deity and the universe are one and the same being. The latter is the doctrine of Spinoza. It follows that all corporeal forms are parts of this same substance, *as it is extended*, and all minds parts of the same substance, *as it is intelligent*. *Deus est res cogitans* [God is a thinking thing] (Eth. p. 2. Prop. 1.) *Deus est res extensa* [God is an extended thing] (Prop. 2.) This one being produces in itself, by an *immanent* action, all that are called creatures, and which are commonly, as he observes, supposed to be distinct from Deity. Hence the numberless bodies and minds of which it is composed, with their infinite modifications of good and evil, physical and moral, are diversities in *his* condition; and he becomes at once the agent and the patient.

'But, in compassion to the feelings of the pious and devout reader, we forbear from pursuing this wretched system through all its hideous and revolting consequences; nor shall we stop to expose the vain and contemptible artifices of the author, by which he would reconcile his system with the tenets of the Christian faith. The *anima mundi* of the ancients, as implying a moving or vivifying principle, distinct from the universe itself, is comparatively a rational hypothesis; but to identify Deity with the universe is a doctrine so monstrous, so abhorrent to every pious feeling, so repugnant to all our apprehensions of the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of the Great Cause of all, whose existence he himself acknowledges, that we cannot but express our astonishment, that any person should be found, by whom such a wretched doctrine can be deliberately embraced, or contemplated without horror. With this observation, we consign it to that indignation which impious sophistry cannot but excite in every devout and rational mind.'—*Vol. II.* 614, 633.

OBSTACLES TO THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

[From Rev. Mr Bramans' Dedication Sermon.]

The great excitability of the people of this country is another obstacle. That this is a peculiarity in the American people will be universally conceded. It runs into all their business, politics, and religion. The inhabitants of this country as compared with those of Great Britain, although they are distinguished above other nations for similar traits, are remarkable for the impulsive energy of their character. They do till they overdo, and sometimes till they undo. They move where others stand, and run when others walk, and would be glad if nature had furnished them with wings, to fly where others run. The American ships, it is said, carry a third more canvass on the same hull than the British, remarkable as they are for commercial enterprise. They spread more sail to the same wind, and propel boats with more steam, and apply more impulse to every thing, than the inhabitants of the father land. An intelligent Englishman among us, recently, for the first time, said that he was forcibly struck with the difference in appearance which presented itself to his eye, between the people of this country, and that of others. Here every man that he met had an eager countenance, the eye fixed, and was hastening forward as if to accomplish some most important object with the least possible delay.

This feature of the American character arises in part, from the impression which was enstamped on it at its origin. The people who settled this land were some of the choicest spirits of the old country, and possessed a most invincible energy of character; which has been transmitted as an hereditary peculiarity to their descendants; and it is owing in part also to the action of civil freedom on the mind, and to the boundless scope and solicitation which this vast and fertile country presents to all kinds of exertion and enterprise. Now every one must see that this uncommon impetuosity of the American temperament, demands uncommon power to control it, ordinary restraints will not hold it. The bonds which confine and check its action, must be made of iron.

Every parent who wishes to control the passions of his child, and give his character a virtuous direction, knows how much more difficult it is to do this in respect to those who possess strong and excitable constitutions, and great ardor of feeling, than in regard to such as are endowed with less vehemency of character. The counteracting force must be in proportion to the strength of resistance to be overcome. The restless and fiery qualities with which some children are endowed, will require twenty times the application of vigilance and power on the part of the parent to restrain them, that are necessary for those who are possessed of less active and feebler elements of composition. Every mariner knows that it demands much more strength to guide a ship through a narrow and dangerous passage, when driven by furious winds, than when slowly wafted by a gentle breeze. So the native energy of our countrymen, wrought up as it is to intense action, by the stimulating influences applied to it, presents an obstacle to the efficacy of the pulpit, which demands all its resources to overcome.

It may perhaps be said that the same susceptibilities which are acted upon so intensely by the world, will give religious principles a proportionate power in those who possess and those who apply them to the hearts of men.

The same style of preaching which has a good effect in England, will not produce a strong impression here. It is not bold, stirring, and direct enough, to meet the high pressure feelings of American society. Our preachers, especially in those parts of the country where the peculiarities of the American manners come out in boldest relief, have not only like the inspired royal preacher, to seek out acceptable words, but to choose those which will hit the hardest and cut the deepest. The mind here is accustomed to such intense action, its constitutional tone and susceptibilities are so high, it is attracted to the world so strongly, and rushes to its object with such a violent motion, that it is not easy to urge truth home on the mind with sufficient power to gain attention, and meet the current of its feelings. Not only is the impetuous torrent of the passions to be stopped and made to flow backward, but the heart is subjected to such an exciting influence, that it is like him, who because he has been accustomed to stimulants of the most pungent kind, disrelishes plain and wholesome food, and will scarce feel the operation of medicines, which will act with the greatest power on other systems.

I mention an excessive democratic feeling as another obstacle. The spirit of democracy has been continually increasing since the foundations of the country. Our institutions and government, and manners, and style of thinking, have been becoming more and more assimimilated to the democratic model, and have been constantly receiving shape from its impression to this day. I do not intend to make here any observations of a political bearing. The spirit exists more or less in all parties. It belongs to human nature, and is good or bad according to the degree in which it prevails, and the direction which it takes. Properly guided and controlled, it is a source of civilization and social progress, and a counteracting force against every thing which interferes with the just action of the human mind. Impelled and combined with religious principle, as it was in the hearts to a great extent of the founders of the country, it has made our condition more felicitous and enviable than any in the world. But when it becomes excessive, it is a compound of ambition, envy, self will, and every ungoverned passion, which dwells in the human breast. It is fierce, untameable, and of a tendency destructive to the best interests of human society. It is always in danger of becoming exhorbitant and to take a threatening form. It has assumed an irregular action in this country. It has so long been accumulating strength, that it has broken away from its former alliance with moral principle, and its power has become enormous and alarming. It appears in all shapes and conditions of life, as a spirit of self will which is determined to be its own law, and of misrule that will not bear interference and restraint, or superiority. In the family, it is hostile to parental authority, and where it does not succeed in entirely subverting it, greatly impairs its force. Children are not held under that firm and steady control, to which they were once subjected, and which would be so beneficial to their interests. In schools and seminaries of learning, it aims to overthrow discipline, and transfer the power from the hands of those to whom it properly belongs, to those who repair to those places to be governed as well as instructed. It is opposed to the necessary restraints of civil government, and endeavors to break its bonds asunder, and give up the regulation of society to the wild impulses of individual interest, caprice and passion. The tendency is to that state of things in which children shall train up their parents, and teachers shall obey their pupils, and the people rule the magistrates whom they have elected to govern them.

This temper is of such a levelling character, that it cannot bear that natural superiority, which talent and industry and worth obtain over feebleness, sloth and depravity. That one man should be more rich and successful and respected, and possess any advantage over another, is in the view of many contrary to the notion of independence, and opposed to the genius of our republican government.

It has taken such a direction that it needs only to proceed a little farther, to endeavor to frame regulations, that those of uncommon size or of superior beauty shall be pared off and rendered deformed, that we might carry out fully that article of the declaration of Independence, which asserts all men to be born free and equal.

Such a disposition is at war with the government of God, and the spirit of christianity. Religion imposes restraint, it proffers rewards on indfexible conditions. When men have such views of their liberty and privileges, that they can hardly submit to wholesome regulations; when they wish to throw off constraint, and call it freedom to follow out the promptings of the inclinations; when they indulge a spirit of malignant envy towards those who are greatly above them, and an impatient desire to prostrate them to their own level, they exercise a temper most repugnant to the gospel.

The very controversy which the gospel has with man, is that he is self willed, that he sets up his own pleasure and advantage, as his great objects, and above all other interests, and is unwilling to submit himself to those salutary restraints, without which the highest good of society and individuals can never be attained.

Democracy carried to excess, as it is in this country, is the very spirit which christianity endeavors to subdue, and is a formidable obstacle to the success of preaching. From feeling as many do that they ought to have no human power exercised over them, and no human being above them, the transition is easy to feeling that divine authority is too great a restraint. From feeling that they ought to share equal privileges and advantages with others, without respect to talents and conduct, they come to believe that they ought to share all the blessings of religion, without regard to character. Christianity, as it came from the hands of its author, does not, according to the feelings of many, harmonize with our free institutions. American liberty revolts at it, and too many are for declaring independence of religion, just as their fathers did of the government of Great Britian. As for those restraints which the gospel would impose on men's opinions and practices, they are a violation of political rights. They cannot be endured. They are unconstitutional.—The people must not only have a democratic government, but a democratic religion, that gives indulgence to inclination, and a democratic Deity, who beholds with equal favor all descriptions of character, and a democratic heaven which all the people have free, equal and unalienable to enter, without regard to conduct, just as they have to vote in town meeting.

This wild spirit allies with all forms of infidelity. Democracy and atheism went hand in hand in the French revolution. After the French had dethroned their king, the next step was to detrone God and prostrate christianity. In this country all the atheists and infidels of other names, are possessed of a spirit of fierce, fiery and levelling democracy. They are haters of human, as well as divine power, and seek for a state of things in which the bonds that now hold the human confederacy together shall be broken, and the pent up fires of depraved passion, shall have vent to pour out their hot and scalding lava on human society. Nothing can be more clear than that a spirit which has such an affinity with infidelity, is adverse to christianity.

*** Several communications, intended for this paper, are necessarily deferred.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Missionaries to the East.—Rev. Mr Bennett, who has been, for several years connected with Baptist Mission in Burmah, has returned in the Champlain from Calcutta, to this country, for the benefit of his health. His wife and four children accompany him.

Rev. Dr. Judson, who has been for 28 years connected with this Mission, is in a very feeble state of health.

Bible Society.—About three months since a Bible Society was formed in Duchess Co. N. Y. A very lively interest in the good cause is said to have been awakened among the various denominations of Christians. The first public meeting of the Society was held at Poughkeepsie on the 14th inst. at which it was ascertained that during the few months of the Society's existence upwards of $1600 had been raised.

Temperance in Ireland.—A letter from Mr Allen Corresponding Secretary of the Irish Temperance Union, States that the late efforts in behalf of temperance had been successful beyond the most sanguine hope of its friends. The Roman Catholic clergy had engaged with great activity in the efforts for reform. Pledges of total abstinence had been very extensively made. In Limerick alone 10,000. In Dungarvon, said to have been the most drunken place in Ireland more than 1000 persons had made pledges to abstain totally from the use of ardent spirits. In Droghela, a great reform had taken place. During the space of nine months, since the reform commenced, not a single person had been presented at any of the sessions for a misdemeanor.

New York City Tract Society.—It appears, by the last monthly report of the doings of this Society, that they have fourteen Missionaries, and 1056 visiters. The following are some of the details of doings mentioned in the last monthly report.

52,135 Tracts distributed; 540 refused.
210 Children gathered into sabbath schools,
58 Children gathered into public schools,
34 persons gathered into the Bible classes.
127 persons induced to attend church.
133 Bibles and 130 Testaments supplied to the destitute.

American Tract Society.—we stated, some weeks since that the American Tract society had proposed to raise $40,000 this year for the aid of foreign tract distribution. The slow progress of the collections, has led the managers of the society to publish frequent statements on the subject. The latest statements we have seen gives a detailed account of the appropriations. We give an abstract of this that our readers may learn how extensive are the operation of the society.

The Committee state that the proposed sum of $40,000 has been designated as follows. viz. Spain, $500; Association of English and Americans for Tract distribution in Paris, $200; Strasbourg Tract and Book Society, $300; Belgium $300; Calw, Bremen, and Barmen, in Germany, $200 each; Hungary, the Wendes, &c. $400; Denmark, $300; Sweden, $300; Episcopal mission at Crete, $300; West Africa, $200; South African Female Tract Society and Rev. Dr. Phillip, $300; Rev. Mr. Dyer at Malacca, to aid in preparing Chinese metal types, $300. For the Nestorians in Persia, for the Protestant Episcopal mission at Athens, and for the Episcopal mission at China, $500. For the Episcopal mission recently transferred from Syria to Constantinople, the Baptist mission at Patras, Greece; for the Lower Saxony Tract Society at Hamburg; the Religious Tract Society at Paris, and for the Baptist mission in France, $600 each.

For the Baptist missions in Siam, and to the Shyana, the Teloogoos, and in Germany, each $700.

For the Mission in Syria and for the mission to the Mahrattas, $1,000 each.

For the missions of the American Board of Commissioners, in connection with that of the Reformed Dutch Church, to China and the Indian Archipelago, and for Rev. Mr Gutzlaff and Rev. Mr Roberts at Macao, $1,600; for Burmah and the Karens, $4,000; for the missions of the General Assembly's Board to Northern India, $3,500; for the large mission to Ceylon and the Tamul people, $2,500; and for the Sandwich Islands, $2,000. For the devoted laborers in behalf of the 60,000,000 of Russia, $2,000. The mission of the Board of Commissioners in Greece, $1,500. The mission to Asia Minor, $2,500. The mission of the Board of Commissioners in Siam, $1,500; for Orissa, $1,000; for Madras, $3,000.

Dedication at West Windsor Vt.—A church has been recently erected at West Windsor by the united efforts of Universalists, Baptists, and Freewill Baptists; and there was a union of clergymen of these denominations at the recent dedication of the church.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

JAMES POOLE FARLEY.

Died at Amesbury, of consumption, on the 3d inst, James Poole Farley, son of Rev. Stephen Farley, aged 17.

The subject of this notice was a youth of much promise. In early childhood, he gave indications of uncommon intelligence and piety, and in the last years of his short life, of a discriminating, comprehensive and vigorous mind. We copy the following, from the *Essex Banner*, printed at Haverhill, Mass. 'In the death of this young man, his friends and society have sustained a serious loss. His mind, naturally good, had been improved by study, reading and reflection. His moral character was unblemished. His attention had been considerably called to subjects of a moral and religious character. His amiable disposition and exemplary deportment, secured the attachment of those associated with him, and awakened the expectation of his future usefulness. He had been employed in both the printing offices in this town, and gained the confidence and good opinion of his employers. His premature death, cut down in the tender greenness of his age, and while his soul was just awakening to those thrilling hopes and impressions, which 'the world without' calls forth from 'the world within,' is a striking example of human frailty, and affords a solemn lesson to the young, who are prone to repose securely in the confidence that many years are before them. May his companions who, a few months since, saw him a fellow companion in the Sabbath school in this town, be suitably impressed by his early death, and be prompted forward in their preparation to follow him to the world of spirits.'

His views of religion were unusually distinct and firm. It was not easy, if possible, to beguile him into any impression which his reflection afterward would lead him to renounce. He seemed to look to the bottom and throughout. When a little child, he once asked his mother to pray for him that he might be *as 'good a boy as he could be.'* During the first part of his sickness, which was of about six months duration, he did not seem to be aware of its dangerous character, and the favorable time for medical applications was passed before he retired to his paternal home. When his physicians gave him up as incurable, his heart sunk within him. Yet he retained entire self-possession and composure. During a long scene of intense sufferings he murmured not, nor charged God foolishly, but committed himself to Him whose judgments are righteous, and in whose hand the righteous are safe. His dying breathings were the breath of prayer.

Amesbury, Jan. 20th. S.

DOMESTIC.

Burning of the Lexington.—The National Gazette of Philadelphia says:

Comments on the loss of the Steamboat Lexington occupy the New York press. We hold it to be self-evident that under proper precautions in the arrangements of the boat and the mode of conducting her, the accident could not have taken place. The New York Evening Post treating the subject in argumentative detail gives it as a distinct opinion that 'there was "gross carelessness on the part of the proprietors of the boat, and they are responsible for this distruction of human life.'

After suggesting that the fire was probably caused by the use of anthracite coal, without the proper guards against the danger of using such fuel, the Gazette proceeds to say;

'It was the heat of the furnaces that set fire to the boat.

But even when on fire, why were not the passengers and crew saved, the Lexington having one of Francis' life boats, and two or three other boats, sufficient in number to have saved them all? Because the Captain, who lost his life, lost also his presence of mind. In such an appalling moment of extreme danger, a man should above all other times be cool and collected. Had he ordered the engines to have been instantly stopped, manned the ropes and lowered down the boats, all would have been saved—but in a state of alarm, he made for the shore to run his boat on the beach, while in a fearful blaze; the small boats were lowered while under way and *swamped*, and all were enveloped in the flames, or were compelled to spring overboard. This proves the importance of selecting persons in all cases to command steamboats, who are more distinguished than others for great coolness and presence of mind in the hour of danger. The engine and hose should be always ready, and filled the moment a steamboat leaves the wharf. Precaution against danger is one of its sure preventives.

Fire at Wilmington N. C.—By the mails of Sunday we received intelligence of a disastrous fire in Wilmington, N. C. on the morning of the 17th inst. The Courthouse, Custom-house two hotels and one printing establishment are included in the ruin. About one hundred and fifty buildings in the whole, are destroyed, being nearly every building on two squares. The loss is roughly estimated at $500,000. The amount of insurance is not ascertained. The Wilmington N. C. Advertiser says;

Thus has Wilmington received another blow to her prosperity, that many years will not serve to recover her from. She had just gotten over the effects of similar visitations of former years, and had taken up a load, in the construction of the Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad, that almost staggered her strength, when this last misfortune came, and nearly paralyzes her energies and hopes. Add to this the unpropitious state of trade generally, and our lot seems most unhappy. But we are neither dismayed nor disheartened. We look to the future, to redeem the present and the past, and by the favor of Heaven, will struggle with redoubled diligence.

The Amistad trial.—The decision of Judge Judson, respecting the prisoners of the Amistad of which we gave a brief statement, week before last, was communicated to the negroes by Rev. H. J. Ludlow. We extract the following passages from a letter of his to the New Haven Herald giving an account of the interview.

Nothing could exceed the deep and thrilling interest which our fellow citizens who crowded the Court Room during the whole of the trials, felt in its result, so that when His Honor decided that they should not return to Havana, but delivered into the hands of our President to be restored to their native country, the audience could scarcely repress an outward demonstration of their satisfaction. Never was a cause managed with more force of argument, and I may add, of eloquence, than this, by the noble counsel, Messrs. Staples, Baldwin, and Sedgwick, who stood forth as the champions of the oppressed. They seemed to speak almost by inspiration.

It was my happy lot to communicate to Cinquez and his associates, the result of the trial. They were all gathered around me, and awaiting with deep interest the issue. But no tongue can express their gratitude and joy when told that they were not to be sent to Cuba, but to their Father land. Many of them arose and prostrate themselves at my feet, giving every indication both by words and actions of their thankfulness and their happiness too.

Then they knelt and I prayed with them, James Covey interpreting it, and they following in an audible voice, and with much apparent devoutness.

FOREIGN.

England.—London papers of Dec. 16 have been received at New York. The principal item of news is thus given in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Compensation for Liberated Slaves.—It appears from the following paragraph from the London Courier of Dec. 14, that Mr Stevenson has brought his negotiation for the compensation claimed for slaves carried into the Bahama Islands by stress of weather, and set at liberty by the decree of the local tribunals to a successful issue. The British Government, in their negotiations with foreigners as well as with their own subjects recognize the principle that slaves are property where they are made so by law, and that individuals divested of this property, as well as any other by the act of the government, are intitled to indemnification. The same principle was recognized by Judge Judson in the case of the negroes of the Amistad. He ordered one to be given up to his owner, it having been proved that he was lawfully a slave by the laws of Cuba, and refused to give up the others, on the ground that they were not slaves, legally acquired by the claimants under the laws of Cuba.—*Dai. Adv.*

'His Excellency Mr Stevenson, the American minister, attended yesterday at the Treasury Department and the Bank of England, and closed the negotiation which has been pending so long between the Government and that of the United States, relative to the number of slaves claimed by American citizens as their property, and which having been shipwrecked some eight or nine years ago in the Bahamas, were liberated by the authorities of Nassau. The amount of compensation which we understand her Majesty's Government finally agreed to pay, and was yesterday received by the American minister, amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds sterling.

The Queen's marriage continues to be a topic of interest in the English papers. It is reported that the ceremony will take place early in February.

It is said that Prince Albert will not return to England until the eve of his marriage with the Queen—most probably not until the very day before that fixed for the event.

The Thames tunnel is advancing toward completion at the rate of 8 feet per week.

Denmark.—We have had recent information of the death of the king of Denmark, Frederick VI. His successor is Christian Frederick, son of a brother of the late King. He takes the title 'Christian VIII.' He is in the 54th year of his age.

The following sketch of the history of the late king, is from a foreign paper.

King Frederick VI. the son of King Christian VII. and Caroline Matilda, Princes of England, was born on the 28th January, 1768, was declared of age as co-Regent and President of the Council of State on the 14th April, 1784, and succeeded his father as king, on the 13th March, 1808. He was consequently in the 72d year of his age, had directed affairs for nearly 56 years, and reigned 31. Seldom has the life of a King been marked by such a succession of misfortunes as befel that of Frederick VI and seldom has there been a King more loved and honored by his people. The unhappy events which occurred in his youth, the madness of his father, the execution of the unfortunate Struensee, and the banishment of his mother, who died of grief at being separated from her beloved son; all these are known. No less so is the part which he sustained in after years in defence of his kingdom, when the battle of Copenhagen was added to the records of modern warfare. But it is chiefly as a benefactor to his country that the name of Frederick VI, will be remembered; to him are owing the liberty of the press in Denmark—the emancipation of his subjects from the last remains of feudal authority—the abolition of the slave trade (in which Denmark set the example to the rest of Europe) —the equalization of law and diminution of legal processes—the establishment of schools for general education—the introduction of popular representation—and, finally, the system of order and economy which marked the financial affairs of the kingdom. The character of the late King was moreover deserving of the highest eulogy for mildness, uprightness, simplicity, and attention to business.

DEDICATION OF SUFFOLK STREET CHAPEL.

The Chapel in Suffolk Street, recently erected for the Ministry at Large, will be dedicated on Wednesday next, Feb. 5th. The services will commence precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. J. T. Sargent. Friends of the ministry are invited to attend.

S. K. Lothrop, *Secretary.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Edward P. Porter to Miss Eliza B. Hood, daughter of Charles Hood, Esq.

In Newton, Mr Walter Bigelow, Jr., of Worcester, to Miss Mary K., daughter of Benjamin Hyde, Esq.

In Northborough, Mr Sidney Bigelow of N. to Miss Sarah N. Moor of Bolton.

In Syracuse, Tuesday 14th instant, by Rev. Mr Storer, Mr Eloi Lacroix to Miss Margaret M. Houghtaling of Geddes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 25, Mrs Lydia, widow of the late William Spooner, 66.

In Plymouth, 11th instant, very suddenly, Mr Joseph Churchill, 22.

In Taunton, Capt. Libbeus Hodges, 38.

In Duxbury, 4th instant, Capt. Briggs Alden, son of Major Judah Alden, aged 53.

In Northboro', on the morning of New Year's day, Anna Jane, youngest child of Mr Caleb Maynard, aged 2 years.

At Mt. Vernon, Texas, Nov. 20, Mrs Abby Sherman, aged 24, youngest daughter of Mr John Miller of Northboro'—and on the 30th, her husband, Mr Dana Sherman, aged 28, brother of Geo. Sydney Sherman, of Texas, formerly of Marlborough, Mass.

WEST'S MAGNIFICENT PICTURE,
'CHRIST REJECTED,'

IS NOW ON VIEW for a short time only, at *Harding's Gallery*, School street, from 10 A. M., to 8 P. M., daily. On *Sunday in the evening*, from 5 till 9 o'clock.

Mr West refused *ten thousand guineas* for this *chef-d'œuvre* of his pencil, just before its completion, and he subsequently realized more than that sum by its exhibition in London alone, and his grandson has now the satisfaction of being the possessor of this sublime work. Mr West has been induced to have *Season Tickets* for the accommodation of those who wish, by repeated visits, thoroughly to appreciate all the grandeur of the design, truthfulness of the coloring, masterly drawing, and moral beauty, which it contains.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price. Season Ticket, One Dollar. Pamphlet 12 1-2 cents.

☞ The Picture has an excellent light, and the room is well warmed. 4t j11

VALUABLE LIBRARY WORKS — imported and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street.

Plato's Works, translated by Sydenham and Taylor, with copious notes and annotations. 5 vols 4to
The Works of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, 6 vols 4to, calf
Ben Jonson's Works, by W. Gifford, Esq. 9 vols 8vo
Dodsley's Old Plays, 12 vols, half calf
Dodsley's Annual Register, complete in 75 vols half Rus.
Edinburgh Review, from 1802 to 1822, 37 vols, half calf
Dryden's Prose Works, collected by Edmund Malone, Esq., 4 vols
Pope's Works and Life, by W. Roscoe, 10 vols 8vo
Milton's Poetical Works, Todd's edition, 6 vols 8vo.
Homer, translated by Pepe, 5 vols
Swift's Works, by Hawkesworth, 24 vols, plates, calf
Select Tracts, relating to the Civil Wars of England, 2 v.
The Works of James Shirley, by W. Gifford, 6 vols
Robertson's Works, 8 vols royal 8vo
Chambers's Biographical Dictionary of eminent Scotsmen, 4 vols, plates
Lord Bacon's Works, by Montague, 17 vols
Dibdin's Reminiscences of a Literary Life, 2 vols
Facciolata Lexicon, cura Bailey, 2 vols
Proclus on the Timæus of Plato, by Thos Taylor, 4to
Lucien of Samesata, from the Greek, by W. Tooke, 2 v.
Granger's Biographical History of England, 6 vols
The Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols, half calf
Œuvres completes de Voltaire, 64 vols calf
Œuvres complètes de J. J. Rousseau, 22 vols calf
L'Ancien quite expliquee et representee en figures par Bernard de Montfaucon, with the supplements, 15 vols fol
Froissart's Chronicles, translated by Thomas Johnes Esq., with a life of the author; 2 v, 8vo
British Cyclopædia of Natural History, edited by C. F. Partington
Gibbon's Roman Empire, Milman's edition: 12v.
Alison's History of the French Revolution, 7v.
Jeremy Taylor's Works, 3 v
Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time: 6 v
Hone's Popular Works, and Everlasting Calendar 4v
The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, with the suppressed passages
Coxe's Memoirs of Lord Walpole.
Coleridge's Literary Remains: 4 v.
Burton's Cromwellian Diary: 4 v.
Hooker's Works: 4 v. Oxford.
Sterne's Works: 1 v. 8vo, &c &c. f1

PROSPECTUS of the Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters.—It will be the great object of this publication to furnish religious reading for the *people*; to discuss subjects of religion and morals, and of literature in its religious aspects, in a manner which shall meet the wants of intelligent and inquiring laymen. Whilst it is hoped that its pages will exhibit the results of deep thought and sound learning, care will be taken to avoid an exclusively theological and learned character.

The Miscellany is not designed to be a controversial work. Its exhibitions of truth and duty will, indeed, be founded on Unitarian views of Christianity; but as the community in which it is expected chiefly to circulate, has passed beyond the elements of the controversy between Unitarians and their fellow Christians, it will be the object of this work, not so much to defend these opinions, as to treat them in their practical bearings, and to show their power to produce holiness of life.

The numbers of this periodical will be made up as much as possible with reference to the passing times, and in the adoption and arrangement of articles brevity, variety, and point will be especially regarded. A considerable portion of each number will be devoted to religious intelligence.

The editorial department will be conducted by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, who has obtained promises of aid from other Unitarian clergymen and writers.

Terms. The Monthly Miscellany will be published on the first of every month, in numbers of 60 octavo pages, beautifully printed on new type, at Three Dollars per annum, in advance. Those who forward us six responsible subscribers shall receive a copy gratis.

*** Booksellers, Postmasters, and Clergymen throughout the Country, who are interested in the work, are respectfully requested to act as our agents in procuring and forwarding subscriptions. Communications relating to the work, should be addressed to

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. Publishers
feb 1 118 Washington Street

*** Newspapers inserting the above, shall receive a copy gratis.

BOY WANTED.—Wanted in a Bookstore, a Boy, about sixteen years of age. One whose parents reside in the city would be preferred. Boston Bookstore 134 Washington street. feb 1

MILLER'S LECTUR

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

LINES

Suggested by the recent disasters on our coast.

'And, oh! what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave, the sea!' *Greenwood.*

Hungry, insatiate, stormy sea!
Thy bosom is the grave,
In whose green charnel-chambers lie
The beautiful and brave

Each sounding tempest's wakened might
That lifts thy hoary surge,
Wafts from thy deep, and o'er thy shores,
Some loud, wild, wailing dirge.

Twice and again thine arms have stretched,
To grasp in their far reach
Some victim of thine awful wrath,
And dash it on our beach.

Thou priest of God! who mak'st those rocks
Altars of sacrifice;
While, from the whirlpool's eddying strife,
Spirits, for incense rise.

Look! hark! that smoking, fiery pile,*
That boils along the Sound,
Shakes from its sides a clinging crowd
At each successive bound.

Lost to the fireside home and hearts
The reverenced, loved and cherished!
And lost to Zion's temple courts
Their Priest† so sadly perished!

And she, the proud majestic barque,‡
That deigned to part thy crest,
And in thy bosom joyed to lave
Her gallant surf-beat breast,

No more shall bare her naked arms,
To meet the storm's wide sweep;
No more unfurl her snowy wings
To waft her o'er the deep.

And while, like playthings of the winds,
Her oaken beams are riven;
And on the swelling tide to float,
Her shattered ensign given;

A cry comes from her sinking shrouds,
One hurried prayer ascends;
One shriek of mingled agonies
In that wild sea-hymn blends!

Mourn, melancholy ocean, mourn!
Mourn for the early dead!||
The spirits of the young, the strong,
The pure, the good, are fled!

Such are the triumphs, wailing sea!
Of thy great Ruler's will.
Dread pathway of His viewless march
Who bids thy waves be still. H.

* The Lexington. † Dr Follen.
‡ The Harold. || Henry Parkman and others.

NATURE.

BY ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

I love thee, Nature,—love thee well—
In sunny nook and twilight dell,
Where birds, and bees, and blossoms dwell,
And leaves and flowers;
And winds in low sweet voices tell
Of happy hours.

I love thy clear and running streams,
Which mildly flash with silver gleams,
Or darkly lie, like shadowy dreams,
To bless the sight;
While every wave with beauty teems,
And smiles delight.

I love thy forest deep and lone,
Where twilight shades are ever thrown,
And murmuring winds with solemn tone,
Go slowly by,
Sending a peal like ocean's moan,
Along the sky.

I love to watch at close of day,
The heavens in splendor melt away,
From radiant gold to silver gray,
As sinks the sun:
While stars upon their trackless way,
Come one by one.

I love, I know not which the best,
The little wood-bird in its nest,
The wave that mirrors in its breast
The landscape true,
Or the sweet flower by winds caressed,
And bathed in dew.

They all are to my bosom dear,
They all God's messengers appear—
Preludes to songs that angels hear—
Mute prophecies—
Faint types of a resplendent sphere
Beyond the skies!

'I SING OF CALVARY.'

Down from the willow bough
My slumb'ring harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake;
Peaceful let its breathings be,
Soft and soothing harmony.

Love, Love Divine, I sing.
O, for a seraph's lyre,
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched with living fire.
Lofty, pure the strain should be
When I sing of Calvary.

Love, Love on earth appears!
The wretched throng his way;
He heareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away.
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Savior, when I sing of Thee.

He saw me as he passed
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh.
Loud and long the strain should be,
When I sing his love to me.

'I die for thee,' he said—
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! he bows his head—
He bows his head, and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary.

He lives! again He lives!
I hear the voice of Love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above.
Joyful now the strain shall be,
When I sing of Calvary.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

A dark and dense grove of the cypress stretching from the eastern shore of the Bosphorus far away over hill and valley, informed us that we were now passing the last resting place of the Osmanlie. The mournful forest, through the purpling twilight which now shaded the landscape, appeared in its interminable length to break the very boundary of the horizon, and cast its gloomy shadows into some realm beyond. It has been made to extend itself through this long line of spectral solitude, upon the strength of a presentiment among those who throng the opposite shore, that they will one day be forced to relinquish their European possessions, and return into Asia, from whence they came. They, therefore, enjoin upon their surviving friends, that their remains shall be laid here, where they may rest with a better hope of being undisturbed, in any event that may betide in after times.

The dark procession may be seen through every hour of the day, moving with muffled oars across the water, and slowly winding its way up a narrow path, termed the ladder of the dead, and moving on to some new grave in the distant verge of the grove, where the relic is to rest, a new cypress to be planted, and coronal of flowers cast on the fresh sod, and hung around the turbaned stone.—Thus one accession of graves and sable shade has succeeded another, till this domain of death has become more populous than the vast city itself, teeming with its countless multitudes.

Here lie side by side in one promiscuous sleep, the monarch of unrivalled power and splendor and the humblest menial that trembled in his train; the man whose genius towered to heaven, and he whose thoughts scarcely survived their birth; the aged bowed under the weight of years, and the infant just expanding into life; the statesman smitten from his perilous post, and the assassin who dealt the unsuspected blow; the warrior whose trampled steed shook thunder from his mane, and the new recruit who recoiled from the gleam of his own weapons; the Dives of purple and gold, and the Lazarus who lay at his gate; the libertine of lust and promise, and the erring one whom he left believing and betrayed; greatness and littleness, splendor and poverty, purity and pollution, are thus mingled and massed together in a wide and undiscriminative grave.—Nor does the sad spectacle stop here; it points with melancholy presage, to the clustered dwellings which swell from the opposite hills. The voice of health and the song of merriment, may now echo through the halls of that sumptuous city, and mingle their notes of gladness with the hymn of the wave, as it greets the enchanted shore, but the day is not distant when they, from whose hearts these joyous accents break, will be brought hither, pale and speechless, wrapped in the winding sheet and shroud, to swell this crowded sail, and widen the forest that darkens the dreary domain. So that not only they who now rejoice in the light of the sun, but generations yet unborn, may continue to be sepulchred here, till the Judgment trump unexpectedly shall summon the quick and the dead. It will not be the contending Prophet of Mecca, whose insignia will then be revealed in the changing heaven, but he whose mission was one of kindness and love, and who mingled his tears with his blood! Alas for him who meets this Savior as an injured friend, and a forgotten God.—*Rev. Walter Colton.*

[From the London Sun.]

WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUESTS.

It is not always by squalid exterior that poverty and privation are indicated. A silk dress as often covers as much real destitution as the beggar's rags. Nay, the first has the most to endure, and is most worthy of pity, for the cadger, if he can secure as much broken victuals as will sustain existence, and obtain the undisturbed possession of a bulk for his nightly rest, repines little, if at all at his condition, while the 'genteel' poor, on the other hand, has not only existence to support, but also station in society to maintain. The footsteps of famine are occasionally to be found impressed more indelibly on the lineaments of one that may be seen buttoned up in superfine broad cloth, than upon the countenances of those to whom misery has always been an inseparable bed fellow.

A rotund, full priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this Court—bakers are not, generally speaking, celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim to 25s. for bread supplied to a Mr John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either 18 or 28—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner—Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the account at once.

Chairman—How will he pay it?

Young Lady—I have 5s. to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a-crown a week.

Commissioner—The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker (pocketing the money.)—Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon wi a grand boa and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and cotton goon, because the likes o'ye will eat an honest man's bread wi'oot paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

'It is true,' said the young lady, coloring, 'my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so, but upon a respectable exterior on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father and two young sisters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the sum you have just received; and to provide food or those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold.'

'Well, Mr Baker,' said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, 'perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?'

'Oh aye,' said the baker, 'twa and saxpence a month. Pit it down, if you wull.'

Chairman.—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

'Mak it just what ye like,' said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady.

As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:

'Gie me hand o' that bit of paper,' said the baker.

The request was complied with.

'Noo,' said the baker, thrusting some silver into her haud, 'tak back yer croon piece, and dinna fash yoursel at a' wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pound loaf ilka day at my shop, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I never git the siller, may be I'll no miss it; but mind, young leddy,' said he, angrily, 'gin ye deal wi' ony ither baker Ise pit this order in force agin yere father.'

The young lady looked her gratitude—the baker had vanished.

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE GAY DREAMS OF YOUTH.

'It is said that men are but children fully grown;' and if I were to be asked in what childish amusements they indulge more than another, I would say in the game of bubble blowing.—We begin to blow our bubbles early in childhood, and we keep it up with little intermission to old age.

With what delight does the young urchin gaze on the glittering globe of soap and water that he has fairly launched into the air, while standing on a four foot wall! There it goes! mounting up high with the breeze that blows, and again descending low. One moment as high as the house, and at another almost touching the ground. Onward! onward it holds its course, escaping every danger till at last it bursts as it strikes against the edge of a tomb-stone in an adjoining church-yard.

The bubbles of our after years, too, bear a strong family likeness to those of our childhood. Some burst as soon as blown. Some vanish suddenly in the air; and if any of them mount over the church-yard walls they are sure to disappear amid the tombs.

'Wishing' is a losing game to all who play at it; and yet who is there that altogether refrains? I never heard but of one man, who could say, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.' Phil. iv. 11.

Let us take a stripling from among the many who are, at this moment, banqueting on the airy food of future greatness, who are, in other words, engaged in bubble blowing, and enter for a moment into his golden dreams. It is true he may be poor; but the Rothschilds were not always rich, though at last they amassed millions. He has heard of Whittington, a poor friendless lad, quitting London with his bundle in his hand, and turning back again to wealth and renown, beckoned by the bells ringing out musically, as he fancied, the words,

'Turn again Whittington,
Thrice lord mayor of London.'

Why, it is very possible that some day he may be as great a man as Whittington, who had only a cat with which to make his fortune. Not that he has at present any very bright prospects before him in real life; but that only renders the more bright the vision of his fancy.

Well, then, it is a settled thing with him that he will be a merchant, and sail the seas in a ship of his own, carrying out beads to barter with Africans for ivory and ostrich feathers; and bales of cloth to exchange for gold. There is no preventing his future prosperity; he will soon become rich in his own imagination, and ride in a coach and six!

And now the bubble is at its height! What a pity that he cannot keep it in the air! Alas, down it must come breaking against the very ground. The poor lad works at a trade, marries early, has a large family; his health fails him, friends forsake him, want springs upon him like an armed man, he becomes sick and infirm, and receives pay from the parish.

Or suppose his youthful dream be of another kind; his bubble, though equally frail with that I have already blown for him, may take a different direction. He is studious and fond of books, and it may be that he is poetical. Say that Chevey Chase, or the ballad of the Children in the Wood, first lures him to the flowery pathways of poesy. He reads, grows abstractive and imaginative, and 'mutters his wayward fancies,' as he goes. Goldsmith wins him, Cowper and Montgomery delight him. Gray fires him, and Byron works him up almost to frenzy, and it is well if not to moral evil. Like a ship with no ballast and much sail, he pursues his course. He yearns for an earthly immortality. There have been Shakspeares, and Miltons, and Ossians, and Homers! Why may there not be again?—What a delightful thing to publish a volume of unrivalled poetry; to be lauded by reviewers, to be sought by book-sellers, to be courted by the great, and be highly estimated by the world!

Thus he goes on wasting his life in unprofitable dreams: but, see! the bubble bursts at last. He has feasted his mind, and famished his body: unable to conform to the commonplace usages of life, or to perform its duties, he is crushed by trouble. With an intellect superior to those around him, he is the proverb of the wise, and the butt of the foolish, and perhaps ends his days in a lunatic asylum. There may be many, whose sober habits and reflections may think this picture overdrawn; I have some reason to think the contrary.

Or, perhaps, he has read books of travels and wondrous adventures by sea and land, and is resolved to travel; why should not he, as well as others, do something wonderful?—ascend Mount Blanc, go down to the crater of Vesuvius and measure the Pyramids! How delightful, after wandering in strange lands, like Mungo Park, encountering lions in the desert, like Campbell, and delving into the mummy pits of Egypt, like Belzoni, to return home with the real Indian tomahawks, bows and arrows, and scalping knives: with snakes from Africa, fishing tackle from the South Seas, birds of paradise and humming birds from the east, and monkeys and macows from the west!

This is a golden dream in which his fancy indulges in his waking hours. His native land is too contracted for his ardent spirit; he longs for perils and toil, he thirsts for strange adventures, and after all, perhaps, is put apprentice to a tailor, or a weaver, passing his days on a shopboard of six feet by three, or growing old in flinging the shuttle and plying the loom in the back garret of some miserable dwelling. What a glittering bubble has here burst!—What a gay dream has passed away! and yet who shall venture to affirm that a thousand such occurrences as these have not taken place in common life?

But his dream may have been yet of a different kind. The stripling may have heard the stormy music of the rattling drum, and gazed upon the gay attire of the recruiting serjeant.—He may have 'heard of battles,' and been fired with the love of victory and fame.

Strange it is; when the would-be warrior sees before him the prancing war horse, and the bannered host, that he cannot see the agonies of the dying, and the mangled heaps of slain!—Strange, that when he hears, in imagination the neigh of the charger, the clangor of the brazen-throated trumpet, and the roar of cannon, that he cannot hear the agonizing groans of the wounded soldiers, nor the heart rending wails of the widow and the fatherless! Yet so it is; selfishness, and sin, and carnage are crowned with glory.

But the stripling will blow his bubble. He ponders the page that sets forth the victories of Cressy and of Agincourt, of Blenheim and of Waterloo. He gazes on the marble monuments of renowned heroes, and becomes a soldier! nay, more; he is famed for courage, rises in rank, and his fondest wishes are realized.

But are these gay dreams less vain because they have been partly fulfilled? The stripling has become a hero with a scar on his forehead, and a pair of epaulets on his shoulders. But there is something yet that remains to be told—besides these things, he has a galling wound that the surgeons have pronounced incurable, and a ball in his body that annoys him, yet cannot be dislodged. And when alone in the midnight hour he heaves a sigh, somewhat in doubt whether he should not have led a more useful life in pursuing peace, than in following war; in being a preserver, rather than a destroyer of his species.

Have I said enough? Old Humphrey has been a blower of bubbles, a dreamer of dreams through the better part of his days; let him then run his length on the gay dreams of youth.

But he may be musical, and his fanciful reveries on humanity may be musical too. The halfpenny whistle, the penny trumpet, and the sixpenny drum of childhood have given way to the fife, the flute, the flageolet and the fiddle. He studies the gamut, plays solos when alone, duets when with a friend, and talks about Wragge, and Nicholson, and Cramer. On he goes, afflicting the neighborhood with the dissonance of his unmastered instruments, till he really becomes a decent performer. He now plays a Nicholson flute, and a Cremona violin, besides which he has made some progress on the violoncello, and can blow a clear and sonorous blast or two on the keyed bugle.

But is he satisfied? No, there is no point of satisfaction in music more than in other things.—Could he pour forth the full diapason of the pealing organ; were the harmonious crash of the whole orchestra under his control, he would not, he could not rest satisfied; he must blow his bubble,—he would compose like Handel, play like Purkis, and outrival the wondrous performance of Paganini.

This is the beginning, or rather the noonday of his dreamy delight. But what is its end? He joins some musical society, is led into company, neglects his business, spends more than he gets, sinks into poverty, and in his old age is found playing a fiddle to the drunkards in a pot house for what pence he can obtain or spending his breath on a cracked clarionet, a medicant performing in the public streets.

Such are the gay dreams of youth, and most of us have indulged in one or other of them. I know one who has indulged in them all; aye, more than all; and what was the end of his sunny visions? What has become of the gleams of glory that dazzled his youthful fancy in by-gone days? Let the tear that has fallen on the paper on which I note down these observations be his reply.—The bubbles of his childhood are burst; the fond dreams of his youth and his manhood are passed away; he has seen the hollowness of them all, and has been willing to exchange the empty dreams of time for the realities of eternity.

If he knows anything of his own heart, there is nothing in the honors, the riches, and the wisdom of this world, that for one moment he would put in comparison with the well-grounded hope of everlasting life. Put together all the renown that mankind has to bestow; pile up the crowns and sceptres of the earth; heap high its gold, its costly gems and glittering diadems, and they will be as dust in the balance if weighed against the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Visitor, (London.)*

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Just published, No. 9, Boston Quarterly Review for 1840.

Those who would wish to look at the above work with the desire to subscribe, are respectfully invited to call or send for the January number for inspection. This work is gaining great reputation in this country and in Europe, and letters are constantly received at the office of publication, speaking in the highest terms of the great benefit this work is destined to bestow on the community. Subscriptions solicited. Price $3 a year.

BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington Street.
jan 25

FURNESS' FAMILY PRAYERS.—A good supply this day received, for sale to the trade and at retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street.

VALUABLE WORKS ON AGRICULTURE, Gardening, &c.—For sale by *CHA'S C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN*, Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street.

Low's Elements of Practical Agriculture, 8vo
London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture, 8vo
do do Gardening, 1000 engravings
do do Plants 1000 engravings
do Arboretum et Fructicetum Britannicum, 8 vols
do Suburban Gardener, and Villa Companion
British Husbandry, from Library of Useful Knowledge
History of Sheep, 8vo, do do do.
British Cattle, 8vo, do do do.
The Horse, 8vo, do do do.
Bath Agricultural Papers, 7 vols
Duhamel's Practical Treatise on Husbandry, 4to
Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 3 vols
Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture, &c. 6 vols
The Flower Garden, by Charles McIntosh
The Green House, Hot House and Stove, by C. McIntosh
The Orchard and Fruit Garden, by do.
Forbes's Hortus Woburnensis, 8vo
The Landscape Gardener, by J. Dennis, 1 vol.—plates
The London Flora, by Alexander Irvine.
The Florist Cultivator, by Thomas Willats, Esq.
Hogg on the Culture of the Carnation and other Flowers.
The Farmer's Companion, by the late Hon. Jesse Buel.
The American Swine Breeder, by H. W. Ellsworth.
Manning's Book of Fruits.
Chaptal's Agricultural Chemistry.
Curtis on British Grasses.
Main's Domestic Poultry.
Blacklock's Treatise on Sheep.
Marshall's Agriculture of the Southern Counties of England, &c.
j 25

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.—*Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.* Contents of the No. for January.

Editorial Notices
The Close o...
Dewey's C... Discourses.
Reason and ...
Honor to our Fathers.
The Christ of Conscientiousness, a Sermon by Rev. James Walker, D. D.
The Destruction of Opium in Canton.
Sunday school in Boston, in 1791.

Notices of Books.

Woman's Mission; White Slavery; Rosanna, or Scenes in Boston; Pictures of Early Life; My Little Friends; Rollo's Travels and Rollo's Correspondence; The Annulette; The Boy's Talisman.

Intelligence.

The Publishers would inform the friends and patrons of this work, that they have increased its size by the addition of twelve pages to each number, and also by enlarging the page, thus making the work more than one third larger than before, and without any increase in price.

WM. CROSBY & CO., Publishers.
jan 25 118 Washington st.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Loudon's Hortus Britannica, a catalogue of all the plants, indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to Great Britain, in which 36,000 species are enumerated; new edition—An Inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, by Adam Smith, LL. D.; with a Life of the author, introductory discourse, notes and dissertations, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq.—Fables, original and selected, by the most esteemed European and Oriental authors; with an introductory dissertation on the History of Fables, by G. Moir Buzzey; illustrated by numerous splendid engravings, by I. I. Granville—Lord Byron and some of his contemporaries, with a Recollection of his Life and of his visit to Italy, by Leigh Hunt; comprising Portraits of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hunt, Charles Lamb, &c. &c.—Spenser's Fairy Queen, a new edition, in 1 vol. octavo—Annals of Natural History, or Magazine of Zoology, Botany and Geology—Howitt's Rural Life in England, containing many fine engravings—Rural Sketches, by Miller, author of 'a Day in the Woods,' 'Beauties of the Country,' and 'Royston Gower'—A History of British Reptiles, by Thomas Bell, F. R. S., F. L. S., V. P. Z. S.; illustrated by more than 40 wood cuts—Froisart's Chronicles of England, France and Spain, and the adjoining countries; translated from the latest French edition, with variations and additions—A London edition of Dante—The Flower Garden, the Greenhouse and the Orchard, 3 splendid volumes, &c. &c. Lately received and for sale at TICKNOR's, corner of Washington and School Streets. jan 25

NOYES' HEBREW PROPHETS—A new translation of the Hebrew Prophets arranged in Chronological order, 3 vols. 12mo.

'We conceive that Mr Noyes has made the Christian Public much his debtor by the portion now before us, of a version of that difficult and strongly interesting part of Scripture, the Hebrew Prophecies.

These things are especially to be spoken of to his praise; his learning, his cautious and sound judgment, and his beautiful taste for the two last qualities particularly, he is very advantageously distinguished from Lowth and Newcome with whose works the present work is most likely to be compared.'—*Christian Examiner.*

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jan 25

THE SKEPTIC by Mrs Follen.—New edition just published.

'The Skeptic is intended to exhibit the influence of Christian Truth and of Infidelity as they work in the fortunes of common and domestic life. Perhaps the book will have no good effect on confirmed and hardened unbelievers—there are very few things that will—but we are inclined to think that on those who are halting between belief and unbelief, who are standing on the confines of Light and Darkness, it may exert a great and saving power.'—*Christian Examiner.*

The above in very neat cloth binding, stamped, published by JAMES MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street.

RIPLEY'S SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, Vols. 5 and 6—containing Introduction to Ethics, with a Critical Survey of Moral Systems. Translated from the French of Jouffroy, by Wm H. Channing.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. jan 25.

CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.—A complete copy of the last German edition of the Conversations Lexicon, containing recent literary and scientific information, not to be found in the English translation of the former edition—in 12 vols 8vo, for sale low, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 25

BURNAP'S LECTURES ON UNITARIANISM.—Lectures on the doctrines of Christianity, in controversy between Unitarians and other denominations of Christians—delivered in the First Independent Church in Baltimore, by George W. Burnap—1 vol 12mo.

Lecture 1. The supremacy and sole Divinity of God the Father.
Lecture 2. The Second Person in the Trinity.
Lecture 3. The Personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit
Lecture 4. The Atonement.
Lecture 5. Original Sin.
Lecture 6. Total Depravity.
Lecture 7. Election and Reprobation.
Lecture 8. Justification by Faith and Works.
Lecture 9. Salvation.
Lecture 10. Regeneration.
Lecture 11. What is Christianity?
Lecture 12. What is it to be a Christian?
Lecture 13. How does a man become a Christian?
Lecture 14. Origin, Nature and Tendency of Creeds.

A few copies for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street, opposite School Street.

THE LADY'S BOOK AND LADY'S COMPANION, for January, 1840.—Published Monthly, at $3 per annum.—Subscriptions received by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118, Washington street. jan. 18.

SILK GOODS AND SHAWL WAREHOUSE,
141 *Washington street,.....Boston.*
E. F. NEWHALL,

Has removed to the spacious rooms, 141 Washington street, opposite the Old South Church, And has received by recent arrivals from France and England, an elegant assortment of fashionable Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of—

Rich French Cashmere Shawls, superb new designs, on black, blue, red, bird of paradise, fawn, drab, white, blue-black, brown, ash, apple and grass green grounds; with plain and filled centres, of various sizes. Prices from 12 to $50 each.

English Cashmere and Victoria square Shawls, some bright and beautiful patterns, on fawn, drab, red, blue-black, white, harlequin and carpet grounds. Prices from 10 to $20 each.

Silk Cashmere and Edinburgh Shawls, a beautiful assortment of new patterns, similar to the French Cashmeres. Prices from 5 to $15 each.

Real Thibet Wool Long Shawls, very rich and heavy ends, with black, red, green and white centres. Prices from 30 to $50 each.

Huguenot, Balzora, Moscow, Chebille, Highland Plaided, and other Woollen travelling Shawls, of large size and good styles.

India Camel's hair Shawls and Scarfs of various kinds——Plain black Shawls for Mourning.

Merino long and square Shawls, of best quality, black, red and white; all wool borders.

Plain Thibet Shawls, for Friends, of various sizes, mode colors and white; with a great variety of low priced Shawls, of different kinds. Making altogether a very splendid assortment, which will be sold cheaper than at any previous season.

☞ Purchasers of Shawls, desirous of obtaining a choice article at a low price, are invited to call.

SILK GOODS.—Super black and India Satins; blue black and rich colored Satins; Gros de Noble; Gros de Paris; Gros de Swiss; Gros de Naples; first rate heavy double Pou de Sois, of high lustre, assorted light and dark shades; and other desirable styles of plain and corded Silks, in great variety of color.

Rich figured Pou de Sois and Rep Silks, large and small figures, a beautiful assortment of colors; some entire new, figures and stripes.

Blue-black figured and heavy corded Silks, of superior quality.

Rich plain jet and blue-black Silks, of all kinds and prices.

Matteoni Lustrings—plain English Glassa Lustring of beautiful light colors for party dresses—rich heavy black double faced Silks—plaided Lustrings—Sinchaws—Satin Levantines—Sarsnets—with a large lot of low priced Silks, of various descriptions, making a very large assortment of staple and fancy Silk Goods, of prime qualities, which will be sold cheap.

Rich Chalie, Chalie de Laines, and Pondicherry, of new and beautiful styles, in great variety.

Richest Mouselaine de Laines, embroidered, printed and plain—French Embroideries, Lace Veils and Velvets—Woollen, Worsted and Silk materials, of every description, for Ladies' Cloaks and Pelisses, and various other Goods of the best styles.

☞ The Proprietor of this establishment invites the attention of Purchasers to the splendid stock of Goods now offered. epistf sep 14

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.

No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.
No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.
No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, L. L. D, of London.
No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.
No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.
No. 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.
No. 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.
No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.
No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B. Hall.
No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.
No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.
No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.
No. 144. Mystery, Reason and Faith by E. Peabody.
No. 145. Who was Jesus Christ, by George F. Simmons.
No. 146. Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by George R. Noyes.
No. 147. How to Spend a day by H. Ware Jr.
No. 148. Life and Character of Aaron Bancroft, D. D. by Alonzo Hill.

The Tracts of the American Unitarian Association bound in twelve vols. can be had of the Publishers, JAMES MUNROE &. CO. 134 Washington street, at the low price 75 cents per vol.

WORKS ON HOLINESS.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION,—with other kindred subjects, illustrated and confirmed in a series of Discourses designed to throw light on the way of Holiness. By Rev. Asa Mahan, President of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Price 50 cts.

A Plain account of Christian Perfection, as believed and taught by Rev. John Wesley. Price 25 cts.

A Treatise on Christian Perfection. By Rev. John Fletcher. Price 25 cts.

The Christian's Manual; a Treatise on Christian Perfection, with directions for obtaining that state. Price 25 cts.

Account of the Experience of Mrs Hester Ann Rogers. Price 37 1-2 cts.

The Great Efficacy of Simple Faith in the Atonement of Christ, exemplified in a Memoir of Wm. Carvosso. Price 56 cts.

A new Tribute to the Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor. Price $1.

Memoir of the Rev. William Bramwell Price 56 cts.

Conversations on Sanctifications for the use of those who are seeking full salvation. By Rev. J. S. Pipe. Price 25 cts.

Miss Myra Littlefield's Letter—a Tract.

The above, together with other works on the same subject, for sale by D. S. KING, 32 Washington street.
jan. 18. eow 3t.

PERIODICALS FOR 1840.—The subscribers receive subscriptions for, and furnish regularly, nearly all the popular Periodicals published in the United States—among which are, The North American Review, $5; The New-York Review $5; The Boston Quarterly Review $3; The Reprints of the four English Reviews, $8; Reprints of Blackwood, Bentley and Metropolitan Magazine, $5 each; The Ladies' Companion, $3; Lady's Book $5; Knickerbocker, $5; Gentleman's Magazine, $3; Democratic Review, $5; Merchant's Magazine, $5; Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, 60 pages large octavo, $3; Christian Examiner, $4—and numerous other popular Reviews and Magazines.

Orders for any of the above, enclosing the amount of subscription, will be punctually attended to.

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO.
jan. 11. 118 Washington street.

VALUABLE WORKS ON GEOLOGY.—Prof. Silliman's edition of Dr Mantell's Wonders of Geology, 2 vols
Bakewell's Geology, edited by Prof. Silliman, 8vo
Lyell's Principles of Geology, 4 vols
do Elements of do 1 vol
Geological Facts, by E. Mammatt, 4to
Buckland's Geology, 2 vols 8vo
Lectures on Physical and Fossil Geology, by Frederick John Francis, 1 vol
Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 1 vol
McClelland's Geology &c of Kemaon, 8vo
Treatise on Geology, by Biblicus Deloricus
Jackson's Geological Reports of the State of Maine
Hitchcock's Report on the Geology of Massachusetts
&c &c &c &c
For sale by C. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, 112 Washington street. j 18

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber continues to manufacture Trusses of every description at the old stand, No 305 Washington stt. entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. *All individuals, can see him at any time, at the above place.*

Having had 20 years experience he has afforded relief to 1,500 for the last three years, all may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture, for he is now confident he can give every individual relief, who may be disposed to call on him.

He has separate apartments for the accommodation of different individuals calling at the same time, and has every facility for fitting these important articles.

☞ The public are cautioned against the many Quacks who promise what they cannot perform.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the twenty years past, from different patent manufactories, he is now able to decide, after examining the different cases that occur, and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Trusses as cheap, as can be had elsewhere. Any person that purchases a Truss at this establishment, if it does not snit, can exchange until they are well suited without extra charge.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds similar to those that the late Mr JOHN BEATH, of this city formerly made, together with the Patent Elastic Spring Truss, with spring pads; Trusses without steel springs (these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night; Improved Hinge and Pivot Truss; Umbilical Spring Trusses made in four different ways; Trusses with Ball and Socket joints; Trusses for Prolapsus An by wearing which, persons troubled with a decant of the rectum, can ride on horseback with perfect ease and safety. Mr F. also makes Trusses for Prolapsus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps, and Back Boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience, and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufactories, which they can have; if his do not suit them after a fair trial, they can exchange for any of them: Dr Hulls; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Farr's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do; Shaker's Rocking Trusses; Heintzleman's India Rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Ivory turned Pad Trusses; Stone's do, double and single; also Trusses for children, of all sizes.

The Subscriber makes and keeps on hand, Steeled shoes for deformed and crooked feet, and is doing this every week for children, and infants in this city, and from out of the city. Specimens of his workmanship may be seen at the manufactory. He likewise informs individuals, he will not make their complaints known to any one, except when it is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

All kinds of Trusses repaired at short notice, and made as good as when new.

Ladies wishing for any of the instruments will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster at their houses or at the above place.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.
Boston 1840.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. WARREN.

Boston, Jan. 8th, 1835.

Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia have suffered much from the want of a skilful workman in accommodating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself therefore called on to reccommend him to my professional brethren and to the public as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to these important articles.

jan. 4. JOHN C. WARREN.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

BY DAVID REED,
At 19 Water Street, Boston.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars*, payable in six months, or *Two dollars and fifty cents*, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscription discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arranges are paid.

All communications, as well as letters of business, relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.

MINOT PRATT, PRINTER.